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The Week

BOTH at home and abroad, the outlook continues dark. While there is persistent gossip to the effect that the tide has turned in the American depression, there is no important statistical evidence of it, and some evidence to the contrary. Monetary hoarding has again begun, probably as a result of the failure of twenty-two small banks in Chicago and the consequent runs upon some of that city's largest institutions. The administration persists in its unhappy assumption that the worst is now over and that only the mildest modification of its deflationist policy is needed to keep things going until the "normal" processes of recovery begin again. While Congress and the President have been haggling over the terms of the public-works-unemployment-loans bill, reports from a score of cities indicate that relief funds are on the point of extinction while the need continues as great or greater than ever. The Democratic National Convention is only a little better than the Republican in recognizing that the country is desperately sick; and one feels through all the oratory at Chicago that it is only because the depression gives a useful club with which to beat their opponents that the Democrats mention it at all. If they had been in power the past four years they would have ignored it as ruthlessly as the Republicans. Both the conventions have been so obsessed with the liquor question that they couldn't be seriously bothered about ten million Americans who are faced with starvation.

THE outlook abroad is equally bad. Germany, it is generally admitted, is likely to undergo political and economic collapse before the end of the summer. The Geneva conference was momentarily stirred by President Hoover's dramatic proposal for a 33 1/3 percent reduction in armament, but within twenty-four hours the French were again in control, the Hoover scheme had been shelved, and the conference was once more measuring its futility against the weary hours. As for Lausanne, the most useful thing it has produced (beyond a moratorium on reparations payments for the period of the conference itself) has been a new and urgent propaganda for debt cancellation by the United States. This propaganda continues, however, to be unofficial and furtive. The European powers do not stand together and say to America, "This is what we promise and this is what we ask." They want America to take the initiative and save them the humiliation of requesting something which we see more clearly every day will finally be inevitable. But unfortunately, initiative—except in making moral flourishes like his disarmament plan is sadly lacking in Mr. Hoover's character; and even if it were not, this is a presidential year.

DOES the radio continue to be subject to censorship now and then? Or does the apparatus of broadcasting just break down, as it used to, at the most convenient possible moment? On the first day of the Democratic convention, Mr. Floyd Gibbons was panting out for the National Broadcasting Company his breathless descriptions of the "colorful" personalities present in the Chicago Stadium and not least among them, one of Chicago's finest, Officer Kelley. Officer Kelley, according to Mr. Gibbons, had become hoarse from answering the delegates' question, "Where can I get a good glass of beer?" Unfortunately at this point the broadcasting apparatus broke down. There

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silence for a few moments, and when Mr. Gibbons' voice came bustling over the air again it was busily describing Senator Barkley's sartorial splendor and how he had used up all of three handkerchiefs in wiping his feverish brow. At any rate the day was saved, or nearly saved, and the folks back in Kansas will never know whether Officer Kelley gave the boys the key-word or simply answered that since Capone has been put away there's no beer in Chicago.

WE HAVE had repeated indications in recent weeks that the present rulers of Japan are in an aggressively chauvinistic mood. The latest evidence came in a speech, of ominous implications, made by Viscount Ishii at a recent dinner of welcome to Ambassador Grew. Viscount Ishii, in what was obviously a carefully prepared and officially sponsored address, virtually set up a Japanese Monroe Doctrine for the Far East. He based this upon the familiar old contention that the Japanese population is rapidly growing and that it must have room to expand. Somebody ought to tell Viscount Ishii that this moth-eaten doctrine no longer is acceptable, even to gullible American public opinion. The answer to it is threefold: first, that the Japanese government has not persuaded and cannot persuade its people to migrate to Manchuria in any important numbers; second, that long experience proves that immigration, even on the greatest scale, does not relieve the problem of overpopulation (as is proved by the experience of Italy, which exported a million of her people a year for decades only to find her territory as crowded at the end of this process as at the beginning); and third, that enlightened opinion no longer condones a nation which recklessly increases its population and then demands that territory be found somewhere to take care of the surplus. The answer to Japan's situation, and the only answer, is the stabilization of her population.

IN NOMINATING Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, Governor Ely made an exceptionally happy choice. Mr. Frankfurter is known throughout the legal profession and to some extent even to the general public, whose attention he has never sought, for his brilliant intellectual attainments, his solid scholarship in the law, his rare combination of unquestionable rectitude and eager interest in every human question. Nowadays the common problems of our life no longer come tiptoeing to the door of the courtroom; they thunder at the gate in tones which tell us that unless they are fairly met and honestly solved, both by the law and otherwise, the whole fabric of our civilization may be destroyed. In such circumstances, the importance of having liberal and flexible-minded men as members of the more important courts of the land is too obvious to need argument.

NOW it is Siam which is added to the lengthening

Siam's was a mild and brief one, suited to her amiable, indolent people and enervating climate. King Prajadhipok stepped down from the throne where he had been ruling as an absolute monarch, and stepped back again as head of the state under a constitutional regime. The People's Party, which brought about the coup, has written a constitution and is working out plans for popular suffrage among subjects who, so far as is known, have never voted or expressed any desire to do so. It is interesting to learn that the revolution was largely the work of one young man, and that he had been educated abroad. He is not, however, a product of Harvard, so popular with the Siamese, but of an unnamed French institution. We hope we do not seem too pessimistic if we suggest that had he attended Harvard he would have been more likely to return to Siam to sell automobiles and join the Bangkok Rotary than to make a revolution.

THE Harlan, Kentucky, solution of labor troubles, which consists in hiring gunmen to shoot down strikers, seems to have spread to West Virginia. Early this week three guards in the employ of the Kelley's Creek Colliery Company near Morgantown fired with machine guns on a group of strikers, killing one miner and seriously wounding seven others. The guards at the time were accompanying two scabs who were at work loading sand. While they allege that the striking miners started the trouble by throwing stones, the miners themselves deny that they committed any violence. The three guards have been locked up pending an investigation of the shooting, but there is great likelihood that they will be charged with nothing more serious than negligence. As a result of the shooting and the refusal of non-union operators to meet union officials in an effort to negotiate a scale, the union is planning to call out the men in every non-union mine in the district.

ONE of the most striking recent phenomena has been the organized campaign against the supposedly increasing cost of government. On every side we hear complaints against the alleged wastefulness of public officials, and gloomy predictions of a time, not far off, when the rising load of taxes will crush business beyond hope of recovery. At least one national organization has been created to foster this propaganda, and large industrial organizations are flooding the mails with letters about it. Even if their facts were correct, the philosophy of the economy-at-any-price people would not necessarily be sound. During the seven years ending with 1929, for example, far too large a proportion of the national income was diverted to profits. Since the capitalists would not give this excess to labor in the form of higher wages, it would have been better to have it "wasted" by the government, mostly in the form of wages and salaries to government employees, than to use it (as it was used) either on

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crease the country's already far too large factory equipment which helped to make the crash, when it came, so much the worse.

THE Department of Commerce, apparently stung by the criticism of governmental expenditure, has issued some highly illuminating charts which show how absurd is much of the nonsense talked by the economy hounds. They show that since the end of the abnormal expenditures due to the War, or about January 1, 1922, the cost of the federal government has run along at almost exactly the same level, at about four billion dollars a year. It constitutes less than a third—about 30 percent—of the total cost of government, federal, state and local. Of the federal expense, three-quarters is military—paying for the last War, or preparing for the next one. In other words, one billion dollars out of fifteen goes for civil expenses of the federal government. It is true that state and local expenditures show an increase since 1921; but while these were growing by less than five billion dollars annually, the national income was increasing by about thirty billions. Before the crash, much of the increase could easily be explained by heavier expenditures on good roads and on public education (which, between them, account for more than one-half of all state and city expenditures). Since the crash, the increase is undoubtedly due in great part to the necessity of giving relief to the unemployed. There is, to be sure, a real burden of taxation on farmers in certain sections, who are under heavy levies based on former inflated land values, the money being spent largely for roads used by many other people who pay little or nothing for their upkeep. But the farmers are rarely referred to in the propaganda. Those who send it out are talking about a "great increase in the cost of government" which is mostly a myth.

THE financial needs of seven leading women's colleges in the East have been the subject of study by an Advisory Council, headed by Newton D. Baker, a summary of whose findings has just been published. Although these colleges have expended their funds cautiously, often stretching one dollar to do the work of three, they are at a distinct disadvantage in comparison with the better known colleges for men. Their endowment, buildings and equipment, if measured on a value-per-student yardstick, reach from less than one-third to one-half the capitalization of men's colleges of equivalent standing. Chronic undernourishment can mean only the eventual lowering of the educational standards of the privately endowed colleges for women. As it is, many of the best qualified teachers are continually being tempted away by more lucrative offers from other, better financed, institutions. It is said—though not, of course, by this Advisory Council—that even the foundations, from which impartiality might be expected, have been less than fair to the claims of the women's colleges. The long-run problem of the women's colleges, however, has not been made especially acute by the depression. Unlike some colleges which have frequently been compelled to raise their deficits by the subscriptions of their alumni, the women's colleges have made a virtue of the necessity of living within their incomes and thus have not been threatened with serious curtailments.

Fifty Unstuffed Shirts

TWO YEARS ago this summer, ex-Ambassador James W. Gerard made the front pages with his list of "men who rule the United States." The news columns for the next few weeks were full of similar lists compiled by his imitators. Everyone, so it seemed, was eager to name the forty or fifty-nine or sixty-four strong silent men who really shaped the destinies of the country, making it prosperous while the rest of the world was mired in poverty: listing the leaders became a sport like anagrams. But the feature which continued to distinguish Mr. Gerard's original list was the names it omitted. It contained not a single clergyman, soldier or engineer—not a writer, publicity man or anyone who lived by shaping the national mind—not a scientist, educator or member of any learned profession. The whole political hierarchy, from the President down, was passed over in silence. With the exception of two labor leaders whose names were added as an afterthought, it consisted solely of industrialists and financiers, the masters of money, the men who could hire others to fight, sing, teach, exhort, build and administer in their behalf. Yet it was not by money alone that they dominated the country. "These men," said Mr. Gerard, "rule by virtue of their ability. They are themselves too busy to hold political office, but they determine who shall hold such office."

Less fortunate people might envy the nation they controlled. "Give the . . . men who rule the United States ten years for the development of this industrial empire [the British commonwealth of nations] and no country on this earth could approach it in per-capita wealth. . . . They could make England the financial giant that America now is." The implication was plain. The United States was ruled by a fascist super-government, an informal committee of financial giants. These men were personally responsible for the nation's progress. It was true that prosperity had been interrupted by a crash in Wall Street; two or three million people were out of work, but the march ahead would quickly be resumed; thanks to the sixty-four leaders, everyone would be richer than ever before. Other nations, if they wished to prosper, would have to follow the American example and repose all trust in their bankers and financiers.

In 1932 it is an ungracious deed to recall these brave words of 1930, and yet they may help us to avoid worse mistakes in the future. If Mr. Gerard

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was right—if his sixty-four leaders were responsible for the biggest boom in history—then it follows that they are also personally responsible for the world's biggest depression. Ford is to blame for unemployment, Morgan for the collapse of foreign loans, Atterbury and Willard for the railroad crisis, Mellon for the recent failure of twenty-two banks in Chicago. Moreover, in a restricted sense, all this is true. The policies followed by these sixty-four men and their financial allies are undoubtedly among the principal causes of the depression, but this does not prove that they are leaders. Acting independently, each for his own motives, they have produced a result which none of them desired. The real leaders of the country, for the last three years, have been the blind forces by which these men, and the politicians allied with them, and all their employees down to the scrubwomen and factory sweepers, are equally enslaved.

Yet the sixty-four rulers have had their chance to rule. The President of the United States, during these critical years, has been a wealthy man who accepted all their ideals, and listened to their advice when he rejected that of others, and appointed other men of wealth to available posts in the government service. The attempt has been made, as never before, to adopt the principles of business individualism, and to run the government on the business ideals of Profit and Service. That the attempt has failed is not at all surprising: it might have been seen in advance that the United States is too large to be run on the principles of individual enterprise. A more interesting phenomenon of the last two years is the fact that these principles have proved to be inadequate for business itself. Mr. Gerard's sixty-four leaders have not only failed in leading the country: many of them have also been conspicuously unable to manage their own businesses.

His list today makes melancholy reading. What has happened to Amadeo P. Giannini, the financial wizard of the Transamerica Corporation, the man who threatened to become the banking director of the country? And the brothers Van Sweringen, the former newspaper boys who forced a new alignment of American railroads—where is the great fortune they heaped together? And Samuel Insull, the head of the greatest utilities holding company? Where is the reputation of Charles E. Mitchell as a business prophet, and of H. M. Warner as a man solely devoted to the welfare of his great motion-picture enterprise (don't sell America short)? These gentlemen who make silly statements over the radio and quail before a Senate subcommittee—where is the great aura of wisdom and leadership they possessed in 1930? Only two years have passed, and yet Mr. Gerard's list already reduces itself to fifty-odd unstuffed shirts and a dozen rather capable, rather puzzled manipulators of money.

Nobody claims today that sixty-four industrialists and financiers are the "men who rule the United States." Nobody claims that a successful business fascism is already in operation. The song of the critics has changed. They hold that democratic government (not business government) has broken down, that people are incapable of ruling themselves, that the masses are uttering an "instinctive call for integrated responsibility and power." The masses, it is held, should turn to the remaining business leaders, who would then take over the government and restore prosperity Two or three fascist movements are already being secretly organized. There is even a chance, if the crisis continues, that one or another of these might be encouraged from above, and might find some constitutional means of coming into power. In that case we should have a government run like a large corporation, with a dictatorial President and a Congress acting as a dummy board of directors. It is quite possible that such a step might rescue business, temporarily. But even putting aside all considerations of liberty or justice or public welfare, one is hardly encouraged by the thought of a government that might come crashing down like Middle West Utilities or the Bank of United States.

Mr. Hoover Proposes

MR. HOOVER'S abrupt and unexpected disarmament proposals, submitted last week to the Geneva Conference, have produced a fairly clean-cut division between the forces of militarism and pacifism. The French General Staff, the British Admiralty and the great military clans of Japan want none of Mr. Hoover's plan. Whole-heartedly in favor of it are Americans, Russians, Italians, the German and French Socialists and the British Laborites.

Until last week, the Geneva Conference was an undisguised fraud. Every attempt to deal realistically with the problem of disarmament had been genteelly smothered. The delegates of nearly sixty nations, after four and a half months of negotiations, had succeeded in writing a single agreement condemning bacteriological and chemical warfare. Nothing else had been done. The great virtue of Mr. Hoover's proposal is that, overnight, it has raised disarmament to the status of a genuine political issue.

During the last few days, the Socialist press of Europe has been filled with Mr. Hoover's praise. To us in America, it is somewhat startling to discover that he is a man of incomparable boldness and high, generous vision. However, in this instance, praise of Mr. Hoover is abundantly justified. On the subject of peace, Mr. Hoover, the Quaker and former war-relief worker, has deep emotional convictions. Furthermore, Mr. Hoover is at his best when he has no Congress to deal with, no politicians to conciliate, and can work in secret through subordinates like Mr. Hugh Gibson and

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Mr. Norman H. Davis, who are unquestioningly, even slavishly, loyal to him.

Considered strictly on their merits, Mr. Hoover's proposals leave a great deal to be desired. At the beginning of the Geneva Conference, Mr. Hoover promised that the United States would go as far towards disarmament as any other nation, even to the complete abolition of armies and navies. He now proposes a reduction of something less than 33 1/3 percent. His proposals are pale beside Mussolini's bravura pledge to reduce the Italian army to one division of 10,000 men, or beside Maxim Litvinov's frequent offers to do away with the Red Army altogether.

Such criticism, however, is irrelevant. The United States is one of the first-rank military powers of the world. We are, perhaps, better able to engage in an armament race than any other nation. Mr. Hoover has made proposals which mean the sinking of actual battleships and submarines, and the disbanding of actual regiments. If his proposals should be accepted by the Geneva Conference, the influence and prestige of militarism in Europe and Japan would receive a tremendous body blow. Incidentally, a 33 1/3-percent reduction in the "defensive" strength of armies would hopelessly disorganize the plans of every general staff; no nation (for example, France) would be able to bring military pressure against its neighbors for at least a year, and perhaps longer.

The best indication of the essential quality of Mr. Hoover's proposals is the fact that they have been accepted by Soviet Russia. Immediately after the Hoover plan had been read by Mr. Gibson at last week's plenary session at Geneva, Senator Claude A. Swanson hurried across the floor to speak to Maxim Litvinov. This was the first communication between the American and Russian delegations in four and a half months, and it had a certain significance.

The United States is the most securely capitalist country left on earth; Soviet Russia is the world's first communist state. But both Russia and America believe that the production of material things, and the lifting of the general standard of living, are praiseworthy and honorable. Both have culturally embraced machine technique and mass production. This is not true of the ruling group in most European nations. They have no desire to raise standards of living, and they are violently opposed to "*fordisme*" and "Americanization."

Mass production, drawing its raw materials from and finding its markets in, every quarter of the world, demands some degree of internationalism. As long as Europe's tariff and credit policies are dominated (as they are now) chiefly by considerations of diplomatic and military advantage, both American capitalism and Russian communism are bound to suffer. Neither America nor Russia has the slightest interest in whether France or Germany is to be militarily dominant in Europe. We both want Europe as an orderly, peaceful trading center, and for both of us Europe's generals and admirals are extremely dangerous nuisances.

The success of the Hoover disarmament plan will depend, finally, upon France. In England, the right wing of the Tory party has shown itself hostile to Mr. Hoover's program, but it is unlikely that a British government would dare side openly with France against the United States. To do so would alarm the dominions, and would invite the opposition of Viscount Cecil's immense and well organized following. Japan, and the Japanese clamor for compensations in Manchuria, can probably be ignored. The Japanese economic position is now extremely serious; it is a question whether, during the next six months, Japan can avoid collapse and serious internal disorder.

In dealing with France, Mr. Hoover holds a valuable weapon in the French war debt to the United States. It is possible that Congress could be persuaded to approve separate, generous debt settlements with England and Italy. France, with the biggest army and the great gold hoard, would then be in a highly embarrassing position. It could not, after its admonitions to Germany about the sacredness of all treaties, unilaterally repudiate its debt. Nor could it ask for easy terms from America while flatly refusing to discuss disarmament. It can be predicted with some confidence, however, that France will never accept the Hoover plan in its present form. If France were to surrender one-third of its "defensive" army, and do away with its bombing airplanes and sink half its submarines, it would no longer hold its present unquestioned military hegemony of the continent. A combination of Germany and Italy, with the benevolent neutrality of Soviet Russia, for instance, would be strong enough to checkmate France's European policies at every turn. Presumably M. Herriot, or his successor (for M. Herriot's government is none too secure) will attempt to whittle away Mr. Hoover's plan, as old M. Clemenceau whittled away Wilson's Fourteen Points at Paris, until it has been reduced to futility. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hoover will resist. He has raised the issue of disarmament in as clear and definite form as issues are ever raised in this disorderly world; time and machine civilization are on his side.

The Gold Standard

THE REPORT of the Gold Delegation of the League of Nations is an important document whether one agrees with its conclusions or not. Together with an earlier report of the League on the nature of the world depression, written by Professor Ahlin, it helps to illuminate a tragic situation that has been made steadily worse by lack of understanding and by the refusal to admit the validity of plain and easily observable facts. Like its predecessor, also, the gold report is less a program than an analysis, and from it the overwhelm-

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ing majority of the delegation concludes that the real road to world recovery of business lies in the direction of the universal return to the gold standard.

That this road is neither easy to find nor to travel, the authors of the majority report are more than ready to admit. They see no possibility of simple and direct stabilization of prices through any manipulation of the instruments of currency or credit. But they appeal to the orthodox methods as the only safe and sound way out. These methods involve the removal or amelioration of existing trade barriers, the satisfactory solution of the reparations and debt problems, international understanding concerning the proper "working of the gold-standard system," and the balancing of public budgets—in a word, the return to the pre-war system of international trade and exchange.

On the question of the relation of the output and stocks of gold to the decline in world prices since 1929, the report makes the interesting and vastly important finding that "the world's total stock of monetary gold, apart from any considerations as to distribution among different countries, has at all times in recent years been adequate to support the credit structure legitimately required by world trade, and the rapid decline in prices which began in 1929 cannot be attributed to any deficiency in the gold supply considered in this sense." Thus the death knell is sounded to the superstitious belief and pernicious doctrine, until recently prevalent in many respectable and apparently informed quarters, that the cause of the disastrous collapse of internal and external trade throughout the world was the shortage of gold and that recovery must either wait upon the rise of gold production or the wholesale revision of gold-reserve ratios. Once more, and this time it is to be hoped finally, this depression is related to the dislocations produced by the War and the treaty of peace and by the suspicious, short-sighted and limited economic and political policies which have prevailed in nearly all of the countries of this world during most of the past two decades.

For, when all is said and done, no light can be expected in the present world situation until the indemnities, disabilities and false hopes created by the Versailles Treaty are swept away in substance, if not in form. Until geographical areas which are not self-contained will cease trying to become so with the aid of domestic and foreign subsidy, and nations to reap specious benefits from the weakness of their neighbors, it is futile to talk of gold, monetary standards and the increase and control of credit. Improvement will come when the leading nations of the world are ready to enter into enlightened agreements whose terms affect their economic relations with other nations. These real limitations to the effectiveness of even sound monetary policy the majority report recognizes when it states that "it will be difficult to restore prices and the standard of living" until "there is [illegible] of international distrust." This may be regarded as a most moderate description of the European economic situation when it is recalled that the Delegation's report records elsewhere the fact that the measure of existing distrust in Europe is indicated by European gold hoarding in the latter half of 1931 amounting to $400,000,000.

A minority report, signed by Sir Henry Strokosch, Sir Reginald Mint and M. Jansen, states the thesis that prices can be raised and stabilized by the proper monetary policy and advocates concerted action by the principal gold-standard countries looking toward the restoration of 1928 gold prices. The same philosophic approach is substantially supported by Professor Cassel, who repeats his well known belief in the practicability of price control by means of appropriate banking and credit policy.

What neither the majority nor the minority report recognizes or at least does not stress, is the little time that may be left for the slow, mitigating measures of reform. In a world in which millions have suffered so miserably during the past three years because of the breakdown of the business system, the experts might well have turned their attention to more drastic and fundamental expedients for the recovery of industry and for the maintenance of industrial activity in the future. Monetary reform in a stable and quiet universe and monetary reform in the troubled economic systems of the contemporary world are far from the same thing. Where increasing numbers are questioning, more and more insistently, the very foundations of our economic order and doubting the utility and justice of arrangements which perpetuate gross inequalities in wealth and income at the expense of the well being of the majority and of the stability of society, we may wonder whether the task of the expert is not to explore the methods and machinery of ordered production and distribution, and their control in the social interest. For, no matter how firmly fixed we may again become to the gold standard, it is certain that the forces of instability and disorder in the competitive business system will shortly and inevitably drive the world into another mess not unlike the present one.

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Russian Pilgrimage

I: *Faces in Leningrad*

ALL THE STREETS of lordly Petersburg are proletarian; and this is Revolution! The more conspicuous, since the old splendid shell of the imperial city has not changed. Everywhere the people and only the people! They sit in the Summer Garden, they stroll beneath the palaces of the Embankment, they fill the palaces figuring with obsolete abacus (the counting "machines" of China) at unpainted desks. Sumptuous streets are raucous with people, a family in each room; and the courts where hostlers harnessed equipages are now playgrounds for the children or woodsheds for the local tenants. What were once dainty shops in the Prospekt are government depots run by soviet clerks, crammed with workers. The huge department stores where the rich were reminded of the Printemps or the Louvre are cooperatives which only the elect—the people—enter with cards. I feel that my first task is to see this people close—to look into the faces of the workers.

I sat down to rest in the Ploschad Zhertv Revolutzii, the former Parade Ground where the Tsar reviewed his troops, now dedicated to the victims of the Revolution. And there I sought my first close-up of the Russian face. About the tombs of the unnamed fallen were flowers and frolicking children. Mothers nursed their babes, pregnant women (with leave of absence from their factories) lazily waited their travail; workers on their day off (every day is Sunday for every sixth toiler in the Union) watched the children with easy understanding and then turned back to their books —most of them on technical or Marxist subjects. I suppose there is no such thing any more in the civilized world as a naturally warlike people. But I can imagine the French, for instance, marching to war through pride or even vanity: this folk of Leningrad, judged by my first glimpse of their faces, I cannot picture on their way to battle, unless first they were literally goaded. These are typical faces before me . . . what do they reveal about a people which has won its revolution? Men capable of bestial cruelty when angry; but not of the rational and abstract murder which is modern warfare. Men servilely ready to be led—even to their own destruction; yet who will never, of their own accord, form an aggressive army.

I learned later that this proletarian face of Leningrad is not typical of Russia. On the whole, this is a more conscious, more differentiated, folk even than that of Moscow—vastly more so of course than that of the wide Russian worlds. Yet already here in Leningrad I begin to be puzzled by a contradiction. The face of the Great Russian (this is less the case in the Ukraine) is bland, childlike, in its lack of sharp configuration: even the dwellers of the great industrial town seem to have the face of the *muzhik*. Its norm tends, as in the animal, toward the expressionless. Beside the face of the Frenchman—even of the French peasant—it is an unwritten page. But this face before me here in Leningrad has none of the dullness of the brute. Of the animal, it has the unconscious energy, the closeness to earth. Of the child, it has the intimation of confineless promise. There is intelligence, emotional complexity, sensitivity of the spirit, making the face of the average North American or Frenchman by contrast a mere smart grimace. It has a quickening to abstract thought, discernible in no child. And yet, when I attempt to localize these humane features in the bland Russian face, I can get no farther than the eyes. Perhaps from the eyes comes the aura of a potential maturity not yet writ in mouth, brow, cheek—even as it is not yet formed in Russian life. The Russian nose is often a snout; the face itself is as empty as the steppe; only when the eyes rule does the face grow wholly human.

One morning, I stood outside the State Bank, at the opening hour, and watched the petty clerks and the important clerks swarm in. There were a few sons of the professional quill-sharpener whom Gogol painted in "The Cloak"—flea-bit souls, drab as their dress, whose gray faces and dim eyes had never seen nor been seen by the Revolution: creatures who were mere shabby pens for any will to push, and who had inconspicuously passed from the mailed fist of the Tsar to the steel hand of Labor. More numerous were decadent intellectuals—former lawyers, teachers, writers. Bewilderment was the one spark in their eyes. For a hundred years, their brains had been tenanted by confusions: now suddenly Confusion filled the streets of their city and they, unable to choose between the two dark sides of the barricades, were forced to choose by the one clear voice within them: hunger. There were scions of wealthy houses who had succeeded in hiding the shame of high birth that once was their sole possession. And there were women, middle-aged and middle-classed, once members of clubs, ornaments of salons. Within their eyes was hardness. They had borne their children, played their hour: now, obscurely, they were dead and their dead hands, remembering the skill of former years, traced figures which their eyes could never see, on Soviet paper.

The little army's clothes were a motley of the styles of thirty years. Some were dressed warm,

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some were in pale linens. But the faces of them all bespoke a chill, despite the mild weather, as if they lived in a perpetual frost. As they marched past me, in a hundred gaits—huddling, sliding, limping, pushing, shivering—one by one, with their caps and capes, their shawls and crooked boots, their relic slippers with French heels, their faded blouses and mended gaberdines, they gave a single rhythm: of submission. They were all slaves, now, of the Proletariat. They were all obeying. If the man above, who moved their hands, gave humane orders, they would write what he dictated. If greed for power moved him, they would write what he dictated. Were they a disease of the old Russia, or of the transition? Would they multiply? And if so, might not their accumulated feebleness become the momentum of some new sinister bureaucracy? Could I be sure that the resilient life of the workers would gradually win them and make them over?

Wherever I went in the city one human type was altogether lacking—the conspicuous type in all the capitals of the world: *the successful,* the men who, by inheritance or luck or cunning, possess money, and who live for money; and the women of these men; and the servants (from footmen to lawyers, from priests to politicians) of these men and women. This dominant type, which had once filled the palaces of Petersburg and its great streets, even as they still swarm Fifth Avenue and the Prado, Champs Elysées and Unter den Linden; this single dominant class that you will find in every restaurant and theatre and hotel from one frontier of Soviet Russia across the world to the other, was missing!

So profoundly strange is this lack in Leningrad that at first the mind does not record it. Workers —only workers; only humble men, simple women —happy or broken—everywhere! Not all heroes, of course: not, by a great deal, all beautiful or noble faces. Plenty of bestial faces, plenty of domineering, plenty of stupid faces. Every kind of face, as in all the world, except the face of money. Every kind of look, except that commonest look in the modern cities: the look that comes to the man and woman whose chief possession is money, and whose chief devotion is the amassing of money.

I shall be ruthless in my scrutiny of the Russian people. But the rightness of my first joy in this has never left me. Faces that are sensual, faces stupefied by liquor, faces of a mere animal life—in them all there is a loam from which humanity may flower. But faces grown cold and sterile, living within high walls of money, are the faces of human death. What a joy to be in a great city where they have disappeared or hidden.

A day after my arrival in Leningrad, I found myself going about the streets softly singing to myself: I found myself humming while I shaved, I awoke with the sound of my own voice. It was perhaps because of nothing positive which I had yet experienced in Russia: it was perhaps because for the first time in my life I was sharing the breath of a great city with a folk which has not fouled the air by perpetual forced incense to the cult of money.

(Watching a trial to which his interpreter has led him, the author fears that the judge's wisdom may be exceptional.)

I suddenly took my interpreter by the hand, and refusing to be led, went down a flight of stairs, up a dark corridor, into another room. At the center of this judicial table sat a woman. She wore a dun blouse in which her bosom was high. Her brown long-bobbed hair framed the warm strength of her features. She was young. On either side of her sat two men in black blouses—rough fellows older than she, with good eyes and honest mouths. A girl of about twenty wept as she stood before them and told her story. She had a month's-old child and the man she claimed as its father insisted there was another lover, who should share the financial burden of the babe's support. The girl denied the possible paternity of the second man. The case held the room in absolute silence. On no single face of man or woman was there a quaver of rebuke, a flash of moral indignation or contempt for the girl. The case held the public because it offered a hard practical problem. Would one man or two have to help the little laundry worker?

The judge began to question. Mariusha was not pretty, but her body within its damp gray shift was like a morning of June. The judge called the two men on either side of the girl. The first, Ilyitch, whom Mariusha claimed as the father, was a gangling fellow, tow-headed with thick lips and a sharp nose—a baker. The second was a technical official in the laundry where Mariusha worked. He was short and dark, clearly of bourgeois background—perhaps the son of some provincial bureaucrat of the old days, a man of about forty. His name was Gurkov.

The judge held the girl, at last, in her quiet scrutiny, as the three stood silent.

"You admit Citizen Fedskaya, relations with Citizen Gurkov. And Citizen Gurkov gets a good wage. If I decide he should share in the support of the child, what does it matter to you?"

"It matters! The father should pay. I will take nothing—nothing from anyone else."

"But you were lovers?"

"Before Pyotr moved into the house. Then it was all past. It was nothing between him—the other—and me. Only last summer, in the laundry garden. . . . Pyotr is the father."

The judge smiled, as the human drama dawned clear in her mind. She withdrew with her associates; and in ten minutes they were once more at the table.

"Whether Citizen Gurkov had sexual relations with Citizen Fedskaya in the month of conception,

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we cannot positively know. Of the two who do know, the woman positively denies it and the man doubts it—although he is vague about dates. Even the alleged confession of Citizen Fedskaya to Comrade Ilyitch, claimed by the latter, is uncertain. In a fit of anger before she knew she was pregnant, she may have confessed in order to hurt the man I think she loves—perhaps in order to hold him and make him wed her. The presumption here is in favor of the paternity of Comrade Ilyitch.

"But there is clearer and more directive evidence in another phase of the case—and we have been moved to our decision chiefly by this. It is clear that the true relationship here has been between the woman and Comrade Ilyitch. Even if Citizen Gurkov is the actual physical father, his relationship with the woman is of no importance. The attraction—and the contest—are between the woman and Comrade Ilyitch. She wants *him,* not his money. She undoubtedly thinks, if he must support the child, that he will be forced to come and live in her room in order to save money. That is up to him—it depends on how saving he is." The crowd laughed, and no one rapped for order. "Besides, Citizen Fedskaya's wish to fight the relationship out alone with Comrade Ilyitch has a reasonable class basis, above the legitimate appeal of her emotion. Comrade Ilyitch is a holder of a card of the first category: a true member of the proletariat. We must expect more of him in every way—even though he earns less—than of Citizen Gurkov. Let him meet the responsibility of his relationship, good or bad, with Citizen Fedskaya. We adjudge him the father."

In the Volodorski district among warehouses, pipe factories, porcelain works and toilers' tenements, my interpreter and I sought a registry office of marriage and divorce.

In the waiting room were a number of young persons, a few more men than women. They sat on fancy carven chairs upholstered in yellow silk. The chairs were chipped and stained, the Chinese vases on the floor were cracked. The walls had been crudely whitewashed and were filled with posters garishly showing the embryonic stages of the normal child and the results of alcoholism and venereal disease in the newborn. My interpreter was a woman of about twenty-four, handsome, well dressed (her husband was a physician and both of them drew good wages). As we went through the anteroom toward the inner office, the waiting group protested. What did we mean, trying to get married out of turn? Even if what hurried us was not marriage but divorce, couldn't we wait half an hour? My friend explained that I was not her future or past husband, but a mere "Amerikansky" writer, come to see the ways of the new world. How could I do this in an anteroom? The waiters were convinced, and we went in.

At a little desk in the little room sat a little girl, riage and one for divorce. She was perhaps twenty-two, her hair was blonde, and a faint down warmed her naked arms. She smiled at us when she knew what we wanted, interrupting her questions to the man and woman that sat before her. She pointed to two Chinese chairs whose arms were golden dragons, returned to her ledger and in a moment dismissed the newly married couple. As they went out, another pair came in.

"Marriage or divorce?" said the registrar.

"Marriage," replied the boy.

She nodded them into the chairs, opened her ledger, and began her rote of questions. His name, his address, his race, his trade, his union, his wages, his past record of marriage, his freedom from venereal disease. She turned to the girl with the same list.

"Do you accept the citizen's assurance that he is healthy, or do you demand a doctor's license?"

"I accept his assurance."

"Do you wish to keep your own name or to take the name of your husband?"

"I wish to take his name."

The registrar put down the last answer and dismissed them.

They rose . . . a faint flush of joy on the girl's face, a faint regret within her eyes that the ceremony was so brief; and on the man's face a subtle discomfort as he felt the subdued emotion of his wife. Another pair came in. The squib of the little "minister" scratched and spluttered without end, dipped in the ink, recorded and recorded. She was warm with her exertion. Her shirt flared at her meaty throat. I was tempted to give her my fountain pen, pitying the ceaseless effort of that rosy wrist. And the couples came in, one by one.

In every young wife's face I saw that day, there was the same glow of tenderness and excitement; on every man's the same embarrassed protectiveness before his bride's emotion. And every bride, when asked the final question, answered: "I will take the name of my husband."

The marriage procession was rhythmically broken, every fourth or fifth interval, by a divorce. A man came in, breathless although he had been waiting his turn outside, usually unshaven, and announced his purpose. The little "minister" indifferently opened the second ledger. "Where was his marriage recorded?" "Had he been divorced before? or his wife?" "Were there children?" He sat, anger darkly deforming his face. It was so plain he was there as at the end of a tangent; his resolve was no slow deliberative growth but a sudden flaring need to be free . . . free chiefly of himself. Another man came in, silent, huddled, with red-rimmed eyes peering about. Only one woman sought a divorce: a tall girl with heavy hands and heavy head, with imperceptible breasts and a march like a grenadier's. A masculine type, rare in Russia, even as women who seek divorce are becoming less frequent.

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A New Deal for America

II: *The Road of Revolution*

BOTH THE implications of the current depression, and the historical position of the United States today, in respect to her slowing population curve and the passing of the frontier, call for a drastic change in our economic system. Logical necessities do not, however, in this vale of tears, always produce desired results. If the logic is sound, *some* result is sure to be produced, but whether it will be happy or painful we cannot always anticipate. I believe that the facts are sufficient to force impressive changes in the next few years, but whether skilled surgeons are to have a voice in the terms of change, we do not know. I know what direction I should like to have my country take, but I cannot make her take it. If enough of us were united on the same signpost, and the signpost were a practicable one, then she might swing in that direction.

Of one thing, however, I think we can be sure. Whatever the change, it is going in the direction of more collectivism, more social control of economic activity, more government "interference," less freedom for private business. Elder statesmen may shake their heads, chambers of commerce pass roaring resolutions, college presidents deplore; that is the way we are going. There is no other way to go. We cannot stand still; the deflation will not permit it. We cannot go back to the nineteenth century; the engineers have dynamited the bridges. The spontaneous economic trend is away from laissez-faire and toward collectivism. The left, whether a road intelligently banked and graded or a riotous buckboard trail, is the only possible direction.

To the left, three main routes branch. One of them we shall travel, but I do not know which. The first is the wild and stormy road of violent revolution. The second one is the stern, steel-walled road of a commercial dictatorship, with political democracy swept down a gully and constitutional guarantees rolled flat. The third one is the road of change within the broad outlines of the law and of the American tradition, with many a zooming curve, but safely banked. The last is the road I prefer, and I think the odds are in its favor —but this may be wish fulfilment.

Mr. Redbonnet, the typical Marxist, will strenuously object to my calling business dictatorship a turn to the left. He will call it "fascism," and the widest of wheels to the right. Perhaps I do violate the term as it has come to be used by Mr. Redbonnet and his friends, but I do not violate it if *collectivism* be the acid test. Even in real fascism, his decrees. He has demolished the doctrines of free competition almost as completely as has Stalin. I agree cordially with Mr. Redbonnet that the prospect of a commercial-class dictatorship is detestable, but detestable as it might be, it would be a great step in the direction of one kind of collectivism.

On the first road, citizens overthrow their government, drive out the creditor and owner class and proceed violently and directly to the solution of the problem of distribution. On the second road a powerful group of business men and bankers supersede the government—their corporation attorneys doubtless arranging a legal-sounding charter, create new, gigantic monopolies and attack the problem of distribution primarily with the purpose of furnishing sufficient customers for the products of mass production. On the last road, an aroused citizenship forces its government to revise much of its business law, to institute certain powers and controls which will attack the problem of distribution at its source, intelligently, not too violently, and with increasing thoroughness. All three roads have the same immediate goal, balancing distribution and production: all three lead to the left, in the sense that they must employ collective action.

From many points of view, I sympathize with the first, the direct and single-minded attack. I believe it to have been necessary and inevitable in Russia. It may some day be inevitable in this country. I am not seriously alarmed by the sufferings of the creditor class, the troubles which the Church is bound to encounter, the restrictions on certain kinds of freedom which must result, or even by the bloodshed of the transition period. A better economic order is worth a little bloodshed. But I am profoundly disturbed by the technological aspects of this method of solving the problem of distribution in a highly mechanized society such as ours. In the attempt, production might be shattered beyond repair. Russia staged her revolution in what was practically a handicraft society; the mass of the people, being still peasants, could eat. The thought of what would happen here in a specialized and industrialized society, blanches the heart. Let us allow our imagination free rein for a moment in this field which so few, especially the Communists, have explored.

We will assume that the bulk of the workers, overwhelmed with frustration and misery, join in a fumbling, but ultimately effective, nationwide general strike. The railroads struggle with volun-

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teer crews for a few days, but bookkeepers make

Central power stations bank their fires; great hydro-electric turbines hum lazily to a standstill. If the management tries to carry on, one or two well directed blows of a sledgehammer on certain switches and connections can stop the operating mechanism as effectively as an earthquake. Sabotage is a two-edged tool, as the Russians discovered. Owners have been known to put their own factories out of commission rather than see them operated by revolutionists. Owners, moreover, can call in army bombers. Little local power stations may continue for a time, or they may not; their coal supplies are limited; the big trunk lines of power which carry blood to the nation's heart are paralyzed. Subways, elevated railroads, trolley lines, elevators—tall buildings without elevators are so much junk—every sort of motor-driven mechanism, go cold and dead. Sledgehammers on certain key valves put the continental pipe lines of oil and natural gas out of commission, while city gas and water pipes are severed at their sources. With the collapse of the railroads, coal ceases to move, and the nation's fuel, on its hand-to-mouth buying basis, is presently exhausted. With coal, oil, railroads and electric power out of the picture, no factory wheel can turn, hardly a mine can operate, the life of every great city comes to a standstill. Even the automobile, which gives such a splendid illusion of freedom of movement, is a helpless ton of metal without gas in its tank and oil in its crankcase. Suburbanites cannot walk forty miles a day, nor Bronx dwellers twenty, and the stores, offices and banks of Megalopolis remain almost completely unstaffed.

Milk will go first, then fresh vegetables and fruits, then meat. The tin-can reserve may last a week here, ten days there. No great city has ever more than a few days' supply of food on hand. Minneapolis and Chicago, with wheat in storage, will not be so fortunate as one might suppose. The wheat must first be milled and, secondly, rationed among a frenzied mob, mad with hunger. Chicagoans have Lake Michigan to drink, unfiltered now, polluted, but at least fresh water. Other cities have dirty rivers, tide water or none at all. Thirst will be a greater curse than hunger in many places. The smaller towns will suffer somewhat less, but the margin will not be great.

Roofs will remain over our heads—at least where the breakdown of the water supply has not encouraged disastrous holocausts; but without heat, light or fuel, we shall hardly appreciate the dispensation, particularly if the revolution breaks in winter. Large apartment houses, dependent on electric power for their services, will become practically uninhabitable. All artificial ventilating systems will, of course, collapse. Far graver will be the question of public health. Garbage collection will stop, sewers may be dynamited, hospitals must cease to function as suddenly as factories; ambulances will be without motive power. Lethal epidemics, those great scourges which medical science has steadily been forcing back for a hundred years, will break their fetters overnight, and fall like avenging demons on a population weak with hunger and with thirst.

One thing such a revolution can do; it can teach mankind once and for all the degree of interdependence and technological tenuousness in its environment. If dwellers in glass houses cannot throw stones, those in a highly mechanized society cannot hit valves with sledgehammers. The lesson is one we must learn—but God forbid at such a cost.

No. Violent revolutions are bitter medicine, but medicine, in handicraft societies ground down by feudalism. In societies pledged to the machine, they are a lethal poison, swift and terrible. The only exception is in the case of a revolutionary movement so disciplined, organized and manned by skilled technicians that the key valves can be stopped only to enforce capitulation by the rest of the community and, victory won, smoothly started again. The whole coup d'état would have to be a matter of a few days, if not of hours.

This brings us to the second main difficulty with this particular road. How far is America prepared psychologically for violent revolution? Technologically the thing is unthinkable, but it does not follow that it will not happen if enough citizens are determined to try the experiment. Who is for the experiment? I call for a show of hands. Farmers? No. Emphatically no. Yet they would be the least ravaged class. Skilled laborers? No. Their unions are weak, their discipline poor; with few exceptions, they have never absorbed the ideology of the class struggle, which means that they have no tradition, no unifying ideas to build revolution upon. Unskilled laborers? No. They have fewer unions and on the whole less tradition than the skilled workers. That American labor may become violent, no one who knows its stormy history will dispute. It will be the violence, however, of spasmodic, almost tropismic, outbreak, not the planned and desperate will of nationwide revolution. The latter takes deep traditions and a kind of religious dedication. White-collar workers? No. Their spinal columns have been broken by decades of yessing the boss. The learned professions? No. They will line up with their bread and butter—what is left of it. A hardy spirit here and there may break the ranks. The press? No, with few and untrustworthy exceptions. The engineers? No. Here more rank-breakers may be found, but the mass is not ready. It is doubtful if this generation of engineers will ever be ready—such has been its early conditioning. Yet without the body of technicians behind it, successful revolution—on the stop, start basis—is inconceivable. The army? No, especially not the air force, which can pulverize such key valves as the revolutionists overlook. Which of these groups could the present Communist party begin to replace from its own ranks? White-collar workers, press, unskilled labor, hardly more.

We have called the roll. Nobody remains but

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the so-called capitalists and their operating managers. We are reasonably safe in concluding, accordingly, that there will be no organized revolution in these United States for the present; certainly not until the working class has acquired a set of principles, developed leaders and enormously extended its union organization. A successful revolution demands, furthermore, the conversion of the main body of the engineers. All this is a matter of years, if not of decades. We shall not take this left road today, despite the current conversation in drawing-room and speakeasy. But if the other roads do not advance us, we may take it tomorrow, technological tenuousness and all. Long periods of deflation breed revolution.

In a way it is a pity that the road to revolution is temporarily closed. Brought to swift victory by stern disciplinarians and stern idealists, the resulting advantages would be considerable, *provided ideals were kept intact.* The Red dictatorship could take money, purchasing power and the distribution of income in hand without delay and have the main sections of the problem ironed out within a relatively brief period. Following Russia's intelligent lead, there would, of course, be no "dividing up," but reasonable scales of pay depending upon the worker's ability, and the danger or importance of his work. Production, under a centralized planning bureau, would present no extra problem at all. Russia under her Gosplan is both building a new industrial plant and producing enough to feed her people. We have the plant—a superb thing it is, though out of balance in certain sections—and all we have to do is to operate it at approximate capacity, thus solving at a stroke unemployment and inadequate standards of living.

Best of all, the new regime would have the clearest idea of what an economic system was for. The sixteen vicious methods of becoming wealthy would be proscribed—by firing squad if necessary—ceasing to plague and disrupt the orderly processes of production and distribution. Money would no longer be an end, but would be thrust back where it belongs as a labor-saving means. The whole pecuniary complex would collapse as it has in Russia. Moneymaking as a career would no more occur to a respectable young man than burglary, forgery or embezzlement. "Every one," says Keynes, "will work for the community and, if he does his duty, the community will uphold him. Moneymaking and money accumulating cannot enter into the life calculations of a rational man in Russia. A society of which this is even partially true is a tremendous innovation."

A cleansing, wholesome innovation. The shift of ambition and the goal of success toward public service, science, research, the arts, industrial management, statesmanship, and away from sheer accumulation, would be the happiest and most welcome change which could happen to contemporary civilization.

Finally, revolution can give what no other road promises to give so directly and forcibly—a new religion. It will be based not on rewards in the Hereafter, but on peace, good will and plenty on earth today. It will be materialistic, if you please, harsh on sinners with an acquisitive bent, it will chafe the "liberal" mind as dogma has ever done; but it will contain the authentic emotions and behavior patterns which psychologists classify as religious.

We need a new religion. The elder faiths have followed the economic secular trend downward. The system called capitalism, for all its sprinkling with holy water in the nineteenth century, is at heart irreligious, without internal unity or public spirit, "often a mere congeries of possessors and pursuers." When it adopted as its basic principles the competition of tooth and claw and the supreme duty of selfishness, all the holy water in the cosmos could not disinfect it. Great religious movements have usually been grounded in collectivism, in the brotherhood of man, leaving laissez-faire, in the last analysis, a cold and ferocious anti-Christ. Capitalism, though officially blessed by Christian priests, has all but killed Christianity. Western mankind is thirsty for something in which to believe again. Red revolution is a creed, dramatic, idealistic and, in the long run, constructive. It will not do to underestimate, in the decades before us, its appeal to lost and harmless souls.

Russia, I am convinced, will solve for all practical purposes the economic problem. The real test of her creed and her method will come *after* its solution—say, following the sixth Five Year Plan. Will these provide an acceptable way of life; will people be happy in Russia; will art and culture provide outlets for creative ability; will the groundwork be laid for a progressive attack on those human problems which, in the long run, transcend the economic problem—biological improvement, the uses of leisure, the control of the physical environment? Only time can tell. But it would seem that the chances are improved when an undisciplined economy ceases to frustrate the best of our energies.

Adequate purchasing power, balanced production, the demolition of pecuniary standards, an exciting series of careers, a new religion, the possibility of establishing an art of living—all these revolution offers. But a highly industrialized society cannot accept the offer; not without an iron revolutionary discipline, a technical ability to halt the wheels and start them almost immediately again. The discipline is not in the American tradition; it will take decades to develop it, while a half-baked revolution will leave no America to go anywhere at all. The few survivors must retreat to handicraft and barter.

Ah, if we can obtain what we desire on another road. . . . Certainly we must try. If we fail, there is nothing for it but revolution, weighted with its awful promise and its awful threat.

STUART CHASE.

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Good News from Minnesota

THE QUESTION of how the depression will affect the voters is being answered in Minnesota. Several recent developments indicate a significant swing to the left in the only state possessing an effective third-party movement.

St. Paul, second city of Minnesota and long-standing citadel of reaction, has just been captured by the labor-progressive forces led by William Mahoney, lifelong labor leader and editor of The Union Advocate, who was elected mayor by a majority of 4,945. With his election three cities in Minnesota now have labor-progressive mayors —St. Paul, Minneapolis and Rochester—all cities of the larger class. This means that labor has swung over to the Farmer-Labor movement more definitely and completely than ever before.

Of equal significance was the Farmer-Labor party convention. It closely followed the St. Paul primary election, when Mahoney and the labor-progressive candidates were nominated by the greatest progressive vote in the history of the St. Paul movement. The whole movement was electrified by this remarkable shift in popular sentiment, and as a result more than a thousand delegates assembled from eighty-one of the eighty-seven counties in the state.

The make-up of the convention was particularly illuminating. From the cities came full labor delegations constituting approximately a third of the convention. This element is more or less socialistic, ranging from dues-paying members of the Socialist party to mildly socialistic trade unionists. Fully half of the convention was composed of farmers representing the typical individualism of their class. Naturally, suspicion and antagonism existed between these two groups. Another element, almost new in the Farmer-Labor movement of the state, was a contingent from the small towns and cities consisting of lawyer-politicians and other middle-class elements.

One of the earliest contests strikingly revealed the differences among the diverse elements. It was over the vexing problem of whether or not public salaries and wages should be reduced in the interest of taxpayers. This brought a definite cleavage between the socialistic elements on the side of wages and agrarian individualism on the side of farmer taxpayers. Ex-Senator Magnus Johnson started the fireworks when he advocated salary and wage cuts. Bob Cramer, editor of The Minneapolis Labor Review, became the champion of the wage and salary workers. Remarkably enough, labor won a complete victory over the hard-pressed and desperate farmer taxpayers, the main argument being that the function of the Farmer-Labor movement was to raise the incomes of both farmers and wage workers to the highest point possible and never in any circumstances to support a movement in favor of lowering the income of producers.

The next contest was captured by the political opportunists. It was over the question of national affiliation: Whether the Farmer-Labor party of Minnesota this year should affiliate with the most promising of the third-party movements and strengthen its hands, or whether it should reserve its power within the state as a club or trading asset. Victor Lawson, editor of The Willmar Daily Tribune, started the battle when he introduced a resolution proposing that the question of how the Farmer-Labor presidential electors should vote be left in the hands of the state central committee. It was widely recognized at once that this almost certainly meant that the electoral vote would be cast for Franklin D. Roosevelt, were he nominated, and that trading deals would be made in the state with the Democrats.

The Labor-Socialist element succeeded in injecting a preamble to the platform stating that the general aim of the Farmer-Labor party is the establishment of a "new coöperative social order in place of the present capitalist system"; a resolution demanding the public ownership of public utilities and natural monopolies; a plank demanding revision of the state Constitution to make way for the establishment of a publicly owned, state-wide light and power system similar to the Ontario system, which shall not only serve the cities and towns, but also the rural districts; a demand for the repeal of the infamous Brooks-Coleman act, which took away the power of the cities in regulating utility rates; a state-owned printing plant; unemployment insurance; old-age pensions; public work and appropriations to assist the unemployed; a state law corresponding to the Norris anti-injunction law.

The agrarian end of the platform and resolutions, as might be expected, distinctly leans toward those pet hobbies for insurgent agrarianism—money and tax reform. Among these planks and resolutions are: a demand for the passage of the Frazier bill by Congress, which would place the federal government into the business of liquidating agricultural indebtedness by a low-interest and amortization plan that would be completed in forty-five years; a state graduated income-tax law which would replace property taxes on farms and homes; addition of the debenture and equalization provisions to the Agricultural Marketing act; maintenance of the Minnesota rural-credit bureau, which loans money on farm mortgages at a low rate of interest; larger proportionate expenditures for farm-to-market roads.

The prospects for a clean sweep of the Farmer-Labor party into possession of the state government and the election of a solid delegation to Congress have never been so good as they are this year. The fact that the old-party political elements recognize this and are attempting to worm their way into the Farmer-Labor party as never before is both significant and ominous. Such a straight and solid victory, however, will be difficult in Minnesota

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because the legislative election is on a "non-partisan" basis; the congressional election is for nine Congressmen-at-large instead of by districts; Minnesota voters have always been swayed enormously by personalities rather than by principles, and the Farmer-Labor leaders here have never stressed the development of a straight class-conscious party movement.

On the other hand, a reasonably solid Farmer-Labor victory would undoubtedly contribute tremendously toward the formation of a national Farmer-Labor party. The effect of nine, or nearly nine, Farmer-Labor Congressmen functioning as a militant and consistent group would undoubtedly be great. The outcome, however, depends more on the quality of the Farmer-Labor members elected to office than on the quantity. If insurgent but confused Minnesota succeeds in escaping all the pitfalls and traps that beset it and elects to state and national office men and women who have grasped and will maintain the essential principle of Farmer-Laborism—unity of all producers for their mutual emancipation—this movement will have a great and useful future in America. If Farmer-Laborism fails in this great qualitative test, it will no doubt give way to something better.

MURRAY E. KING.

Washington Notes

Convention Leaders—Drowning Our Sorrows in Booze—Hoover's Cloudy Plank—High and Dry with Borah

THERE seems reason to believe that before this issue of The New Republic appears, Congress will have finally adjourned, both parties will have their tickets in the field and both platforms will be submitted to the people. It is not possible at this time to discuss the nominees or the party programs because the Democratic outcome is still obscured by the Chicago fog. Instead I should like to dwell upon the character of the two conventions and the caliber of the men who managed them.

So far as the two major parties are concerned, there has been for many years a steady deterioration in the personnel of what we are accustomed to call leaders. It took these two conventions, however, to make me realize just how far down the hill we have traveled. Probably it would not have been nearly so dismaying under normal conditions, but in times such as these, with the nation in a condition so grave that those who know most about the realities shudder with apprehension, the exhibition of puny politics by puny people at Chicago this past month is not one to be light about—particularly when it comes so close upon the heels of a session of Congress in which futility, feebleness and cowardice were more conspicuously displayed than ever before in my experience. At best these national conventions are an incredibly awkward method of selecting candidates for the presidency, but with the type of leadership displayed this year, they seemed more dreadful than any people ought to be forced to bear.

I do not know which was the more unedifying—the completely administration-controlled affair of the Republicans or the cat-and-dog gathering of the Democrats. I do not mean to say that there were not some exceptional men of dignity and power of thought at both conventions. But they were utterly lost in the great swarm of minnows who dominated. As an exhibition of selfishness, sordidness and silliness, I think these two conventions have not been matched in my time. By the men who ran them there seemed to be not the slightest thought of concern about the general situation in which the country finds itself, no idea of the dangers that loom ahead, no concern about the desperate straits to which millions have been reduced. These problems were dismissed with a few meaningless platform platitudes. For the rest, at both conventions interest and attention were wholly concentrated upon candidates and the liquor question. There was literally nothing else in the minds of the delegates. It seems a rather shocking thing that in this critical period, with the world in so menacing a state and the national economic problems more acute than ever before, we should be condemned to go through another presidential campaign in which prohibition will be the main issue and the relative Wetness and Dryness of the respective candidates the absorbing thing with the people. Not even the great swing away from the Eighteenth Amendment by both parties is enough to reconcile thoughtful men to that prospect.

On the Republican side I am authoritatively informed that Mr. Hoover is pleased with the outcome of his own convention, where he expected more trouble, is rather satisfied with the Democratic action and more disposed to be hopeful about his own election prospects than he was early in June. Particularly I am told that he is gratified with the Republican plank on prohibition. The more they study this plank the more the Republican politicians are disposed to regard it as smart, despite the terrific journalistic walloping it has received as a straddle. It seems that this is exactly where the administration craftsmen think the cleverness comes in. One of them said in reply to the criticism of the cloudy language, "We did not go out there to Chicago to write a poem in English prose. We went out there to construct a net in which to catch votes and I think we did it"—which is frank enough at any rate.

Their argument, as I understand it, runs along these lines: the great bulk of the people of the country are muddle-headed on the subject of prohibition just as they are muddle-headed on every other public question. Most of them are neither rigidly Dry nor rabidly Wet. These being the facts, a muddle-headed middle-of-the-road plank will appeal to them far more than a clear-cut one which seems to go to one extreme. This argument does not seem exactly sound to me, but nevertheless they may be right. My faith in the intelligence of the American people has been considerably diminished with the years.

Carrying out this middle-ground thought further, the White House is said to be more or less pleased at the almost simultaneous denunciation from different angles by Borah and Butler. With Dr. Butler denouncing the plank as Dry and Senator Borah branding it as Wet, these subtle lads of the administration believe their game is being played. They had no real hope of the support

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from either of these distinguished gentlemen, regardless of prohibition. They are both so strongly anti-Hoover on so many other different counts that anything like endorsing him for another term was simply not in the cards. By a simultaneous bolt on the same plank, which they construe in a diametrically different way, both Dr. Butler and Senator Borah, it is contended, are washed up.

Dr. Butler, of course, has a way out. The Democratic platform and the Democratic nominee on the question of prohibition are much more in accord with his well known Wet views, and it will be logical for him to support the Democratic ticket. It will, however, be interesting to see whether this eminent educator, whose boast is that he has attended more Republican conventions as a delegate than any other living man, will not in the end find an excuse for voting as he always has voted. With poor Senator Borah, however, it is different. He literally has no place to go unless a third party materializes, and third parties have never attracted him. He will not lead one himself, and he never has been able to bring himself to the point of joining them even when they have stood for every principle to which he is devoted and the major parties have embraced everything he abhors.

For the first time since I can remember there is a disposition among his colleagues in the Senate to laugh at Senator Borah. In the past a good many have cursed him and envied him and admired him, but never before have they laughed at him. It seems to be the general opinion among them that the Idaho statesman for the first time missed sizing the situation up. He had been considering some form of resubmission himself before the Convention met but he was unable to work it out constitutionally to his own satisfaction. One of his friends had submitted a proposal which he seemed to like very much and it was expected that he would support it. But he let the chance go by to take the initiative and did not realize how completely the ground was slipping from under the Drys. Nor did he grasp the movement among Dry leaders to compromise rather than be crushed. As a result, in his denunciation of the Republican plank as a Wet plank he found himself pretty much alone, with the majority of the prohibition leaders, who have looked to him as their senatorial spokesman, estranged. Actually the more important leaders have endorsed the convention proposal and are disposed to support the Hoover ticket, so far as prohibition goes.

Unless Senator Borah's adroitness leads him to find a more tenable ground than he now occupies, he will be wholly out of the campaign and lost to the public for a period of four or five months—and he will not care for that. Perhaps the speeches of acceptance of the two presidential candidates will give him his opportunity. After all, what the nominees say in their acceptance speeches is actually more important than the platforms. It always has been and there is no reason to think it will be different this time. Party platforms are interesting at the time of adoption, but they are speedily forgotten—as even this almost unprecedentedly short Democratic platform will be. It is what the men who are to be voted upon for President say and what they are that really counts.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Not on the Ticker Tape

THE END of the long continued outflow of gold from America is an event of pivotal importance. Foreign central banks, in the hysteria of panic, have made unusually rapid and heavy demands on American banks for gold, and have withdrawn more than a billion dollars since October. They have now exhausted their surplus balances, and the outflow of gold is seemingly over—unless Americans themselves should lose confidence in the dollar, or unless foreigners divest themselves of virtually all their American long-term securities.

The newly manifested ability of London to call for French gold is a hopeful development. Fear and national ambition played a part in inducing France to build up the largest per-capita gold hoardings in history. In so far as France hoped to prove by its gold accumulations that it was a first-rate Power, the movement may be said to be partly political in character. Since the French Parliament made up the losses which the Bank of France sustained on its balances in London when Britain went off the gold standard last September, French politicians have brought great pressure on the Bank of France to recall her dollar balances in order to avoid the possibility of further losses in case the dollar became divorced from gold. In this way economic nationalism interferes with the scientific functioning of the gold standard, which has been temporarily deserted by a score of countries.

The principle of rugged individualism and self-help, so frequently expounded by President Hoover, was forgotten by the Hoover who sponsored the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, an agency presumably set up for the "socialization" of losses and frozen assets. Instead of using precious public funds for creating new wealth and providing employment, the Corporation, restricted by law against financing new construction, has in several cases used its resources to bail out private banks which had lost confidence in the railroad obligations they were holding.

When a huge public-works bond issue was proposed, some bankers opposed it on the ground that it amounted to robbing Peter to pay Paul. But when the Interstate Commerce Commission suggested that the Missouri Pacific Railroad might pay off its April 1 maturity by borrowing half from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and asking the bankers to renew the other half of the loan which they held, William Wyer, treasurer of the railroad, replied: "As I advised Mr. Haley and Mr. Howard yesterday, J. P. Morgan and Company, the bankers who hold these notes, have indicated that they are unwilling to agree to such a proposition and believe that these notes should be paid on April 1, 1932, as of which date they have been called."

The Commission's proposal of a fifty-fifty arrangement was eventually accepted, but the question still remains whether the governmental agency should become a dumping ground for the bad investments of banks and banking houses. By rescuing weak corporations and averting receiverships, the Corporation, which has been nicknamed the Resurrection Corporation, interferes with the relentless correctives of free competition, which automatically ousts managers who fail to produce results.

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Rational business leadership and coöperation are frequently frustrated by the corporation executives' desire to sell stock. Instead of concentrating on the job of producing business profits, they often jump the track, and seek to create illusory effects which will impress stock buyers rather than produce corporation profits. In these distressed times, the speculative commitments of executives intensify their tendency toward paralysis.

The president of a large industrial corporation, who makes it a rule never to go into debt to acquire securities, told me recently that it is difficult to discuss broad counter-deflationary coöperative business projects nowadays because at least seven out of ten of the "big men" whom he meets are themselves in personal distress and are too worried about their own market commitments or their own immediate business troubles to entertain the idea of large coöperative projects.

When a leader of the oil industry, in a statement to the press last December, called attention to the acutely serious condition of the industry, he was soundly berated by some of his confreres. The conflict sprang not so much from disagreement with his diagnosis as from the fact that the publicity hurt the market price of the shares.

The American tradition does not favor coöperation. Business men and bankers will join in coöperative efforts only when driven by necessity. For example, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York has been the citadel of modern ideas of applying management to the credit situation, but it has been held back by the ultra-conservatism of the other eleven banks. The latter did not fall into line until late in February, when conditions were so adverse that fear impelled them to join in the most comprehensive open-market operation in the history of banking. Sponsors of the credit-expansion program maintain that if it had been placed in operation on the present scale a year earlier, it could have prevented many of the latter-day deflation maladies.

In individual industries, insiders assert that competitive interests are willing to forget their differences only when their backs are against the wall. As soon as conditions improve, they feel chesty again and wish to reëstablish the traditional system of individualism, which is tantamount to anarchy in business.

Accordingly, if advocates of industrial planning and economic coördination are in earnest, they should move heaven and earth to set up the necessary machinery during the depression. When and if prosperity returns, the powerful business interests will be violently opposed to such experiments as are at present being advocated by the president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

In this connection, a witness before a subcommittee of the Committee on Education and Labor of the Senate, which was considering the La Follette public-works bill, suggested that the machinery for accelerating and retarding public works should have been established in 1923 when it was advocated by a committee of experts appointed by the President's Conference on Unemployment. To this suggestion Senator Royal Copeland of New York replied: "Immediately after that I introduced a bill to carry out this very thing and I was just laughed at in Congress for it. It was a silly use of public funds and absurd even to consider it."

The failure of the routine financial man to realize the need of fundamental change until his back is against the wall is illustrated by the attitude of James Stillman, then head of the National City Bank, towards a suggestion for banking reform made by Paul M. Warburg as early as the year 1903. After reading Warburg's memorandum, Stillman called upon him.

"How is the great international financier?" Stillman asked Warburg with friendly sarcasm. "Warburg, don't you think the City Bank has done pretty well?"

"Yes, Mr. Stillman," Warburg replied, "extraordinarily well."

"Why not leave things alone?" Stillman then asked.

Warburg answered: "Your bank is so big and so powerful, Mr. Stillman, that, when the next panic comes, you will wish your responsibilities were smaller."

Four years later, in the midst of the panic of 1907, according to Warburg's recollections, he found Stillman standing at his desk, asking, "Warburg, where is your paper?"

"Too late now, Mr. Stillman," Warburg replied. "What has to be done, cannot be done in a hurry. If reform is to be secured, it will take years of educational work to bring it about."

Senator Carter Glass introduced his substitute for the Goldsborough bill with his tongue in his cheek. By making all United States Government bonds eligible for collateral for national bank notes up to the amount of the capital of national banks, the measure would make possible an additional currency expansion of $1,000,000,000. The Senator from Virginia considered such a technique for inflation superior both to that of the Goldsborough bill and to the open-market policy of the Federal Reserve System, but he himself is instinctively opposed to inflation. In a recent conversation he pointed out that he did not think that the government ought to intervene in the competition between producers and consumers. It was his opinion that consumers benefited from prevailing low prices. Undoubtedly some consumers with assured incomes have, but they represent a specially favored class. What about the consumers who have lost the right to consume because they have been thrown out of jobs as producers? This rhetorical question recalls Dr. Samuel Johnson's remark on visiting the Island of Skye, when he was told that twenty eggs might be bought for a penny. "Sir," he said, "I don't gather from this that eggs are plenty in your miserable island, but that pence are few." L. M. N.

This, Our Sister

Ship with brass handles, crowned with flowers,
That rides the chancel high,
The candle light, the incense cloud,
The storms of music pass thee by:

Above the arches and the voice
The chanting and the mourners pale,
O mute and folded voyager
What ocean dost thou sail?

L. A. G. Strong.

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Centers of Levity

IF A FEW years ago the bankers had their way and their advice was taken as gospel through the land, it was little more than could be said of the New York theatre. New York was the final and only counsel where the theatre was concerned, and what was not good and what not done on Broadway was not to be done at all. But the bankers' fragrance is, as everyone knows, somewhat departed; and one of the big headliners for the daily news is the suicide of a millionaire. Laying all on the celebrated depression is the most serviceable device; and the general muddle of the New York theatre comes under that also perhaps. It is but a partial explanation and very partial. This sad spectacle of Broadway today has been preparing, like the rest of affairs, for some time and in many veins.

What golden years they were when, coming in one of the high-powered trains from Chicago, you heard all up and down the Pullman, crowded to capacity, a discussion of what plays they were going to see. This traveling salesman had said only lately when he came back home from New York that you must see this and see that. The whole bright district of the theatres was plainly crowded with marvels; and soaring prices were quoted as to what you had to pay to get in at all! New York was a great place for shopping and seeing the shows; and, if you hadn't heard already, the hotel clerk would put you on to the good shows. Now it appears that the Pullman is less crowded; and the theatre has had failure after failure, which indicates what the shows have been. Now you may resent that Broadway attitude, it was too like that of the lady in the old funny story where she was urged to buy rat-biscuit, they can eat what we eat or go without. Even to the simplest soul in that Pullman the little theatre back home may be worth looking into; they don't come out any shorter than these Broadway shows, and the shows they give are good, pretty good.

The Theatre Arts Monthly for July takes up this issue on its serious side, not these gentle gulls coming in for one reason or another from all the great towns to the greatest and costliest town of all and asking the advice of the hotel clerk concerning the hits. Every year for these past nine seasons Theatre Arts Monthly has published about this time an issue dealing with the tributary theatre. The subject of such an issue is basically the problems of theatres and dramatic education throughout the country. This year the size of the number is twice the size of former years. This fact says the whole thing, that the interest and self-confidence in the theatres far out of New York have steadily grown. These theatres once called Little Theatres and belonging to amateur groups in the main, are now theatres in every sense. They have their own buildings, often wholly modern in equipment, they have their companies, not entirely rambling and uncertain, not entirely the old home talent, hungerers after Broadway, restless wives, intellectual young ladies, rather vain or vague young men, or gentlemen from the church choirs and young specialists from thwarted dramatic courses in some university.

The old road companies are largely gone, as we know. You have only to look in the Theatre Arts' directory of Little Theatres, and to see the illustrations of the theatre buildings, to learn what is happening. There is, for example, the theatre of the Claremont Community Players in Padua Hills, California, white against those hills, or, for another example out of many, the brilliant design by one of the best American architects, Edmund B. Gilchrist of Philadelphia. Mr. Gilchrist has undertaken the theatre for Surrey, Maine: the spot a hill slope leading down to the sea, the rise of the ground, the trees, the building itself, with its plan and its spaces so perfectly studied for the use it will serve and so beautifully seen from every side that you are a little dazed at the taste, the practicality and the loveliness created.

What does all this mean? We read the lists of productions in theatres spreading from Dallas, Kalamazoo, Newark and Columbia, South Carolina, to Seattle, Washington; they include many of the New York plays of the near past; they include—and this is profoundly significant—plays never before presented but now possible to these theatres because of a new confidence among dramatists and a feeling often that the play will be done more intelligently and given more intelligently than if it had been done on Broadway; and not least among the lists come classics which the conditions of expense, public needs and the Times Square rabble make impossible on Broadway. There are also many native and local plays given, written on the spot, rehearsed with the dramatist himself, belonging to the life out of which they and he arose. What all this means is that the entertainment is close in a peculiar way to its origin or source. It means also, so far as the native or local plays are concerned, that the hope of the theatre in America lies in this creative activity at the play's source instead of in the market place.

It is foolish and naïve to expect every season to yield masterpieces—though that word is rather frightening or academic and it is more American to say "one of the greatest plays ever written"—as many as centuries in the past have been able to create. From time to time we do have in New York an event very promising and ripe with theatrical canniness or skill, mostly in the line of musical comedy like "Of Thee I Sing" or "Face the Music." But would anyone pretend that there is any more any theatre in New York City where you can learn acting? Hopes, pretensions and aspirations may appear now and again, in this manager or that, or in some group or organization. But, save for some of the experts or charmers in playing, you could not pretend that there is anyone from whom you could learn that slow and elusive thing that acting is; and as for style in acting, well, that merely glimmers in some personal player, through his labors and charms, not through any taught or profound basis that can make a base for a student in the theatre who would like to command, sooner or later, a method and style.

As the Theatre Arts Monthly points out in this number, there not only develops with these tributary theatres, headed by directors fully as competent as and often far more educated in theatrical culture than all but a mere handful of directors in New York—or at least directors who ever get a chance on Broadway—a courage in the choice of plays; there develops an opportunity for architects to experiment with buildings adequate to their theatrical uses. One of the most obvious needs and complica-

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is the size of playhouses. With the moving pictures and the spectacular revues as competitors, the theatres for plays of a different nature are no longer suitable. They are too large; they do not fit the ear that is right for plays where the words count; they make papering the house too often necessary; they blur and smear the meanings of plays like Ibsen and Shaw and Pirandello; and even for Shakespeare they are, as compared with the small Elizabethan playhouses, only a confusion, since the attention should be centered on those magical words, not on the silly spectacle by which in the main Shakespeare has been made to go down the throats of the past two generations. The life of modern drama will have to lie in the words. Spectacle and noise and expense will be obliged to go elsewhere, for economic reasons if for nothing else.

There are articles also in this July issue that point out the benefits that will come from experiments in adapting theatrical entertainments to the places where they are given, the redwood forest of the California Bohemian Club, for example, the tiny houses here and there, the open-air theatres, and so on. By such necessities the nature of the theatre among us will be dilated and secured; the possibilities of its nature made clearer and its body of creation more solid and varied. The mere fact of there being in some instances only one sex available for the company, men in one instance, women in another, though not generally desirable of course, has certain esthetic advantages: in a company made up of women, for example, if any worth-while result is desired, plays must be chosen in which the distance from actuality is great enough for the illusion to be possible, for us not to be overwhelmed or amused by the mere unlikeness of the player to the character played. This means an increased understanding of the relation of the actual to style and imaginative removal, and helps to get us away from a childish dependence on mere journalism or reproduction of fact—and what fact it is as a rule!

Not to stay longer on the magazine, I may point out one single instance where our New York theatre—not forgetting its obvious and much heralded virtues—shows its deadly limitations. This is in the matter of revivals. Expense, the habit of sensational announcements and other causes make it practically impossible to revive hundreds of plays, either classics or successes of former seasons. The method rather is to seek hit after hit, every week the cases of naïve gambling appear, thousands spent not on any artistic hunt but on the mere idea of making a success. A success is a human and plausible enough idea; if the idea were only pursued with more intelligence. But except in some very special case, the public, of the present at any rate, simply will not appear at revivals. Players whose experience has by now got them ready to undertake a variety of roles and to bring to us plays once seen or needed to be seen, cannot get a chance at them. In music, even in New York, people go time and time again to the same opera, as Germans go to see the same play from time to time, or a Parisian goes to hear "The Cid" read at the Théâtre Français, as in fact people do in many Continental cities when it comes to plays. With us this kind of interest, as if one listened to the same aria sung by a dozen different artists, is almost unknown in the theatre. You could not have a better illustration of what is meant by a

A COMMUNICATION

In Defense of the Regional Plan

SIR: In one of his books Mr. Lewis Mumford designates the Place de l'Etoile in Paris as a square. As I see it, in plan and on the ground, it is a circle. Mr. Mumford could no doubt demonstrate that his description was correct in theory. I could prove my conception correct in fact and geometrical form. But probably each would remain unconvinced.

Here we have an illustration, first, of the relativity of truth, and second, of the wide gap between Mr. Mumford and me. He conceives regional planning as a square closed in by one fixed idea. I conceive it as a circle having a focal point, or definite major objective, in social improvement, but including numerous radial avenues affording access to different ideas as well as exits for ideas that every sincere person must abandon, after proper test.

In other words, Mr. Mumford has a theory of what regional planning should be which experience has taught me to distrust profoundly as affording a desirable social objective. That it is visionary is not in question even by its author. I, on the other hand, have no definite theory but am merely an experimenter and student who has been endeavoring to discover where the largest measure of truth is to be found.

Chief Justice Hughes might have been referring to the differences between our conceptions when, referring to political philosophies, he said recently:

> There is no lack of schemes for the regeneration of society, schemes not infrequently of a sort which would not be needed by a society capable of freely adopting them. The construction of a theoretical paradise is the easiest of human efforts. The familiar method is to establish the perfect or almost perfect state, and then to fashion human beings to fit it. This is a far lighter undertaking than the necessary and unspectacular task, taking human nature as it is and is likely to remain, of contriving improvements that are workable. . . .

Mr. Mumford prefers the lighter and I the heavier undertaking. With such a fundamental difference between us there is little to be gained by arguing on the pros and cons of the Regional Plan of New York—but there are certain features in his "critical inquiry" published recently in The New Republic that call for an answer. I must be excused, however, from attempting to reply to such points as our failure to consider Mr. Benton MacKaye's scheme to untie the traffic snarl in Times Square by rerouting the movement of wheat!

Mr. Mumford declares that we *evaded* the problem and hid essential facts with illusory hopes and *false* promises. As a staff, he says, we *tried* to find a solution "acceptable to the committee," consisting of a caste of bankers, and *deliberately* restricted the area of our questions. These charges are not worthy either of Mr. Mumford or of any reply except to say that our studies have been from the beginning a simple search for the truth, and our conclusions uninfluenced by any other consideration.

Unfortunately, too, Mr. Mumford supports his con-

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tentions by a show of authority which, to say the least, is open to question. He claims for example, to be a follower of Sir Patrick Geddes. I knew Geddes, probably before Mr. Mumford was born, and have never ceased to derive guidance and inspiration from his writings. Although he was not a city planner himself, he had a gift that amounted to genius in analyzing the growth and evolution of cities. He had the gift of seeing a social organization, as was said on the occasion of his death by Sir J. Arthur Thompson, "not merely as something that had evolved but *as something that had evolved in a particular way and was still evolving.*" This insight, which he could not transmit to his disciples, qualified his idealism, for it enabled him to see things as they were in their practical nakedness. Those who plan a city like New York must be prepared to give consideration to the way it is evolving and not merely to the way in which they want it to evolve.

Sir Patrick admired the efforts in city planning being made in the United States. Mr. Mumford has invariably criticized these efforts as superficial; among other things he has said in effect that the Washington plan sacrificed social values to "classical order." Geddes said that the scale of Washington in some ways surpassed the greatest European capitals. As to what he meant by scale he said: "The evolution of American cities is plainly upon the very greatest scale, no longer merely in output of wealth, in increase of population, *but also in quality of civilization.*"

Mr. Mumford considered the Chicago Plan to belong to the "Imperial Order" and correspondingly lacking in true quality. Geddes called it a "comprehensive vision" and spoke of many modern plans of American cities as "ample and convincing evidence that before long the European citizen and town planner, of whatever nationality, may have to draw his best examples and incentives to civic reorganization and evolution—and these not only in material accomplishments, *but in moral uplifts which lie back of them*—from the great cities and towns and even the villages of the United States." My view is that Geddes would have given enthusiastic approval to the proposals in the New York Plan as fitting in with that process of civic evolution which no planner could ignore.

Mr. Mumford does not write as a man who has faced the facts and difficulties of making a thorough survey of urban conditions and tendencies, or of planning a city or region in a democratic country; rather as an esthete-sociologist, who has a religion that is based on high ideals, but is unworkable. His main quarrel with the Regional Plan is its *drift.* Precisely. It drifts away from his ideal conception of what a plan should be, and he is intolerant toward any other conception.

Thirty years ago I had ideas similar to those expressed by Mr. Mumford. In words quoted from him they were "pathetically immature." I was like Walter Pater's friend, to whom he referred as a steam engine stuck in the mud, but withal "so enthusiastic"! I have found that *movement* is essential to progress in reform and that one must keep to the road, and as nearly the middle of it as possible, if any improvement is to be made. This is the main point on which Mr. Mumford and I, as well as Mr. Mumford and Geddes, differ—that is, whether we stand still and talk ideals or move forward and get as much

fect society, capable only of imperfect solutions of its problems.

Mr. Mumford reveals himself as an apostle of economic changes that would require the combined power of the President, Congress and state legislatures to bring about. The Regional Plan goes far in proposing restriction on rights of property, but no further than it is reasonable to expect public opinion to go, or government to authorize in the future. It would have been folly to have attempted to make it a charter for rebuilding the social state in tri-state regions, as Mr. Mumford implies it should have been. Moreover, if planning were done in the way he conceives it should be done, it would require a despotic government to carry it out. I would rather have the evils that go with freedom than have a perfect physical order achieved at the price of freedom.

While I shall presently show that Mr. Mumford's picture of the New York Plan is not a true picture, yet, even if it were, there is no reason why the Plan cannot in future be expanded and modified to suit any possible change in economic or sociological ideas. It is a flexible plan and no proposal it contains will bar progress that may be shown to be desirable.

It would be presumptuous for me to claim that our conception of tendencies and possibilities is an entirely accurate one, and the plan volumes contain our disclaimer that the Plan is or could be perfect.

Of course, in certain physical respects the Plan cannot be changed. The boundaries of the region is one of these. I am not impressed with the claim of Mr. Mumford that his knowledge of what the boundary should be is superior to that of the five leading experts who collaborated with me in confirming its selection, after careful study. The region was not arbitrarily chosen, as he suggests, nor is it forty miles in radius, except in New Jersey. In one direction it extends to one hundred and thirty miles. It includes open territory sufficient to house the whole population of the United States in densities similar to those in garden cities. In this connection Mr. Mumford suggests that the area should have been large enough to provide for garden cities. It happens that I took a prominent part in selecting the site for the first garden city in England in 1903. Many sites were available, but the necessity of being in proximity to a large city, for economic reasons, dictated the choice of Letchworth, thirty-four miles from London. When Sir Ebenezer Howard chose the second site at Welwyn, after twelve years of experience of Letchworth, it was not chosen farther away from, but seventeen miles nearer to, London.

Mr. Mumford's specific criticisms are so much interwoven with his opinions that it is difficult to select them for specific reply. Throughout the whole of his article he returns again and again to the assertion that the Regional Plan supports further concentration. As a matter of fact, what we say against additional or excessive concentration would fill a volume, and I can give here only one or two illustrations of the inaccuracy of the article on this subject.

Our zoning proposals are based on an initial assumption that not more than 40 percent of the gross area of land should be built upon in any part of the city, thus leaving 60 percent open [illegible]

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is left free of building. In neighborhoods where land coverage is already greater, we cannot hope that public opinion will force its reduction. In regard to bulk of building, we advocate as a definite limitation that no building in central or downtown Manhattan shall exceed 144 cubic feet per square foot of lot. This compares with 385 cubic feet per square foot of lot in the Empire State Building, which has much less cubage than the existing zoning law permits. Thus the standards of the Regional Plan, which are declared to encourage further concentration, would restrict building bulk, within the city, to a little over a third of that resulting under the present zoning law.

In outer areas we propose that all business buildings shall have a 45-degree angle of light at front and rear, a more stringent regulation of bulk than obtains in most communities at present. We propose that apartment houses should have the same area of open space per family unit as the minimum permitted for single-family residences, which Mr. Mumford knows is a revolutionary proposal in favor of lesser concentration.

In general, we propose a distribution of industry and population which would result in obtaining a ratio of about twice as much open space to building area as now exists. In order to obtain this, we put forward a plan of highways and transit lines which was essential for proper distribution but which Mr. Mumford considers as likely to prevent distribution. On that point we must agree to differ. It happens to be one on which facts are too convincing to permit me to have an open mind.

Mr. Mumford says that the speculator "who would like no control at all" will find backing in the Report. This is untrue. There is no question on which we are more definite than in regard to the necessity for proper control and indeed for absolute prevention of injurious forms of speculation.

As to the ultimate population to be provided for, the staff of the Regional Plan did not assume that growth would continue automatically but that the rate of growth would be much reduced in the future. However, the Plan was made so that it would provide either for little growth or for the maximum predicted by persons of authority.

Mr. Mumford is wholly wrong when he says that we have omitted proposals for business sub-centers. He has overlooked specific suggestions for decentralized business areas in Harlem, the Bronx, Long Island City and elsewhere, and the general fact that new sub-centers would be created at intersections of circumferential and radial routes throughout the region.

He commends the scheme of Colonel Wilgus for a causeway from Sandy Hook to Rockaway Point, but attempts to cheapen it by saying that it was first advanced by the Pilot Commissioners. There was no similarity between the two schemes—the second one merely calling for an isolated anchorage off Staten Island.

Mr. Mumford criticizes the statistics of industrial workers given in summary in Survey Volume I, and their interpretation. If he had consulted the several economic monographs, published as Survey Volumes IA and IB, and the analysis of future needs for industrial areas in Survey Volume IV, he would have discovered that the significance

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account in formulating the Plan, particularly in the assignment of areas for future industrial development.

Mr. Mumford is wrong in the assumption that there is any inconsistency between skyscrapers and garden cities.

He disputes the conclusions of Clarence Perry and Robert Whitten as to the proportion of shopping area to residential areas, but presents no evidence to support his own conclusions. On this point there is no place for arbitrary opinion and it is misleading to give the impression that there is.

That the highway and rapid-transit programs are alternative to housing, as he asserts, is absurd. They are essentially complementary.

It is incorrect to say that we do not bother to ask what will become of wasted districts. We show both in general terms and by specific illustration how they should be dealt with. To talk about solving this problem by "skillful planning and large-scale operations" is merely to play with words. We include, as definite parts of the Plan, proposals for rebuilding the deteriorated areas in the Lower East Side and elsewhere.

We propose neighborhood units for city as well as suburban areas but, contrary to Mr. Mumford's idea of promoting more concentration in residential centers, we put the emphasis on the promotion of development in the open environs. We are well aware of the economic difficulties involved.

The confusion which characterizes much of Mr. Mumford's discussion of the Plan is illustrated by his reference to the Jamaica Bay area. He laments the failure to propose a sub-business center there. Such a center is an essential element of a self-contained community such as the Regional Plan proposes for that area.

In spite of our proposals to increase greatly the open spaces in upper Manhattan, we are condemned for yielding to the necessity for proposing the taking of small strips from the avenues adjoining Central Park, and moving the menagerie to Ward's Island (which is not a "distant suburban park"). Our proposed removal of through traffic from Central Park would have the same effect as Mr. Mumford would obtain by stopping *all* traffic through it, which is neither practicable nor desirable. The criticism that a park area of 3,000 acres in the Hackensack Meadows is insufficient for that section of the Region deserves no comment.

It should be unnecessary to go on showing that Mr. Mumford is not referring to the Regional Plan in his criticisms. It is obvious that his thesis and conclusions are based on a misreading of the facts, as well as a different conception of what a Regional Plan should be. He attempts to saddle the Regional Plan with the double responsibility of providing a plan on a scale large enough to embrace a state on the one hand and detailed enough to correspond to a city plan on the other hand.

Where he does introduce practical suggestions, we are in accord with him, and the Plan already provides for them: for instance, in submitting proposals for lessening congestion by recentralizing the congested building areas, advocating new cities and neighborhood units in outlying areas and rebuilding blighted areas. Only we go further in that we do not propose to rebuild the blighted areas so com-

Mumford's suggestion. People need room to breathe and for recreation in the central as well as in the suburban areas.

Mr. Mumford indicts the nation's Constitution and not the Regional Plan when he says that "property values and private enterprise are looked upon as sacred." But why should they not be if they are values and enterprises based on healthful and proper uses of property and on sound social principles? The Regional Plan could not have been more insistent than it is in condemning property values that are based on wrong use, and private enterprise that is injurious to public well being.

Mr. Mumford shows ignorance of what it is possible to include in a regional survey and plan when he suggests that ours should have dealt with "the complex forces that affect the balance between farm and city populations," as a problem in economics; or with all the complicated factors of metropolitan finance. Incidentally these problems were dealt with to the extent that they were relevant. Because we confined ourselves to essential matters in our investigations we failed, the critic says, to deal with "more than a fraction of the forces that have created the present complex of cities." Apparently he does not agree that the forces that enter into the life of cities are inexhaustible and that the human mind cannot grasp them all.

Finally, he comes to the conclusion that the Plan, as conceived by him, is a "monumental failure." But as the 'failure" is based on a wrong diagnosis, the conclusion may be dismissed.

New York City. THOMAS ADAMS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Romain Rolland Calls for a Congress against War

SIR: Romain Rolland, calling upon "all men and women of good will" to unite against imminent war, has sent an appeal to the American people to appoint representatives to an anti-war congress and work out a plan of common action.

In a letter I have just received from him, M. Rolland has authorized me to release this appeal to the American press. Interested persons may communicate with me at 135 West Seventy-ninth Street, New York City.

New York City. ALFRED LIEF.

[ENCLOSURE]

War is coming! From all sides war is coming, menacing all peoples. It can burst out tomorrow. If it sets fire to one corner of the world it cannot be localized.

In a few weeks—in a few days—the fire will devour everything. It will be a nameless horror, the murder of civilization. The whole of civilization, the whole world, is in danger.

Awake! We make an appeal to all peoples, to all parties, to all men and women of good will. It is not a question of the interest of one nation, of one class, of one party. All are concerned. All are in danger. Salvation cannot come except by the hands of all. All have to take action. Stop arguing. Unite, all of you, against the common enemy. Down with war! Stop it!

We call you to attend a large congress, which will be a powerful manifestation of all parties against war. We summon everybody, from whatever social horizon they come! socialists, communists, trade unionists, anarchists, republicans of every shade, Christians and free-thinkers, all the pacifist organizations, war-resisters, conscientious objectors, all independent individuals and all those in France and other countries who are decided to prevent war by whatever means.

We beg them to appoint, as an urgent measure, representatives to an organizing committee of the world congress, which will fix as soon as possible the place, the date and the rules of the congress. We cannot lose another day.

We do not have to make a plan of action in advance. That would mean hampering the liberty of those whom we are summoning and it is they who in the congress will freely present their different plans and finally try to come to a decision as to common action. What we want is to raise an immense wave of opinion against war, whatever war it may be, wherever it may come from, whomsoever it may menace.

We want to enable the will of the people to roar out for all that is wholesome in humanity. Let them compel the unworthy and equivocal weaknesses of the governments to choke the monstrous instigators of wars—the profiteers of massacre, the armaments industries, the cannon merchants, their clientele of provocateurs and the unscrupulous press, and all the mob which is intriguing to fish in bloody waters.

Muzzle war!

Villeneuve, Switzerland. ROMAIN ROLLAND.

Thermo- Versus Theo- Dynamics

SIR: In Mr. Harold Ward's excellent review, "Thermo- Versus Theo- Dynamics," in your issue of April 13, there is an apparent misapprehension of the position of Mr. Joseph Needham, whose recent book, "The Great Amphibium," I have just been reading. Mr. Needham does not, like Dingle, regard "all human experience as being either 'common' or 'individual' or a blend of the two," nor does he come into disagreement with Dingle's conclusion that "to look for esthetic or moral values as possible discoveries of Science . . . is to reveal a misapprehension of the very nature of Science."

His view, as outlined in "The Skeptical Biologist," "Man a Machine," and his essay in "Science, Religion and Reality," may be stated with reference to the points at issue as follows: Human experience is sharply and irrevocably bifurcated. Science is and must be by hypothesis scrupulously mechanistic. With respect to its procedure and conclusions it is abstract, quantitative and neutral as to moral values. Religion complements the partial outlook of science, approaching life as it involves the mysterious and awesome, with attention to the unique individual and personal characteristics which science is compelled to ignore. Man is that true and great amphibium, as remarked by Sir Thomas Browne (who illustrates this position in the seventeenth century—without benefit of Kant), whose nature is forever disposed to live in divided and distinguished worlds.

BERYL HAROLD LEVY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: Joseph Needham's position, as outlined in "The Skeptical Biologist," seems to me only superficially mechanistic. By suggesting, as he does, that the truths of religion are of equal validity with those of science, he gives the apologist for religion more than enough room for invidious comparison.

HAROLD WARD.

New York City.

Definition of Jesuitical

SIR: Some of the remarks made by Bruce Bliven in his article on Franklin D. Roosevelt, in the issue of June 1, are rather disconcerting. . . . The disconcerting matter to which I refer is found in the statement, "I am well aware that Roosevelt's whole relationship to Tammany can be made the object of an elaborate Jesuitical defense." To say the least, I consider such a use of the term "Jesuitical" to be unworthy of a man as well informed as Bruce Bliven undoubtedly is, and also unworthy of such a high-class periodical as The New Republic.

The writer then proceeded to resurrect the old myth to the effect that the Jesuits teach that the end justifies the means. As a Catholic, I resent the imputation. As an individual acquainted with the work of the Order, I consider such a statement absurd.

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Order ever taught that the end justifies the means is without a shred of evidence to substantiate it. . . .

I am aware that Webster's New International Dictionary gives the term the meaning that Bruce Bliven has given it. But the dictionary also mentions that such a meaning is of an opprobrious nature, and good taste demands that a writer avoid such words. . . .

Chicago, Ill. PAUL KINIERY, Ph.D.

War and Embargoes

SIR: *In your editorial of May 18 you oppose the program for* amending the Pact of Paris which has been suggested by the Committee on Economic Sanctions—namely that the signatories bind themselves to consult together in the event of a breach or threatened breach of the Pact with a view to adopting such joint measures of non-intercourse in relation to the offending nation as would be most effective under the circumstances. You raise three difficulties: (1) the practicability of enforcing joint embargoes without a naval blockade; (2) the danger that such action would lead to war, and (3) that the suggested penalties are so much milder than the economic and military sanctions provided in the League Covenant that their deterring effect would be less.

In answer to these doubts may I suggest:

(1) Embargoes on arms shipments have often been levied by this and other countries with success. There is no reason to suppose that joint and simultaneous embargoes by the signatories of the Pact would be any less so. On the contrary their practicability would be greater because simultaneously applied and therefore free of the difficulties of giving competitive advantages to other nations.

(2) The likelihood of war is also reduced to a minimum by the universality of the action. The offending nation would perforce go to war, not with one power, but with all the rest of the world —an outcome most difficult to conceive.

(3) Measures of non-intercourse made flexible in their application would have a far greater deterrent effect than the rigid and drastic provisions of the League Covenant, for the very simple reason that they would stand a much better chance of being actually applied. It can hardly be disputed, after recent events in the Far East, that the deterrent effect of Article XVI has become almost nil because its provisions seem too rigid and drastic to be invoked, no matter how great the provocation.

While it is important to canvass the probable results of pledging the United States to act with the other nations of the world in withholding support from a nation which breaks the Pact, it is of far greater importance to consider what would happen *without* such an agreement. To these considerations The New Republic has been resolutely blind. Would The New Republic under such circumstances urge the munition makers to furnish weapons to the aggressor to continue its aggression? Would The New Republic urge the bankers to extend credit to finance its military operations? To do so would be subsidizing not only war but the violation of treaties as well—an impossible position for a journal committed to international morality, not to mention wise practical policies.

If a nation should go to war in violation of the Pact of Paris as it now stands, the United States would be forced either to subsidize the aggression or to refuse to aid and abet the crime by placing an independent and *ex post facto* embargo on essential materials against the aggressor. Surely it is better definitely to state our position in advance—to make this choice before rather than after the event—especially when by so doing the risks of war would be immeasurably reduced and a basis might be laid for that world security which is a condition precedent to a substantial reduction of armaments.

Finally, has The New Republic considered the risks of war which would be involved by such an *ex post facto* and independent embargo by this country against an aggressor? This would indeed be a hostile act and immediately provocative of war. A joint and simultaneous embargo, however, agreed upon in advance by all the nations, including the subsequent aggressor, would not. It would be a penalty prescribed in advance, by what in effect phasize, which would *not* involve the use of either the American army or navy in any more absurd contradictions of wars to end wars.

New York City. EVANS CLARK.

No Raid on Columbus, Texas

SIR: In the article by Mr. Robert Morss Lovett, entitled "Newton D. Baker—The Candide of Candidates" [The New Republic, May 18], there appears this statement:

> On the day after he [Secretary of War Baker] assumed the office occurred Villa's raid on Columbus, Texas, to which the reply was General Pershing's invasion of Mexico.

Permit me to call your attention to the fact that if, as stated by Mr. Lovett, Villa had made a raid on Columbus, Texas, he would have invaded Texas for a distance of more than two hundred miles from the Mexican border and would have been within seventy-five miles of our state capital at Austin, Texas. Of course, the fact is that neither Villa nor any other Mexican general ever made a raid on Columbus, Texas.

What Mr. Lovett intended to refer to was a raid made by Villa and his troops on Columbus, New Mexico, a town located more than a thousand miles from Columbus, Texas.

San Antonio, Texas. L. M. BICKETT.

[Thanks for the correction.—R. M. L.]

Wanted: Plays for Workers

SIR: The new stationary branch of the Workers' Laboratory Theatre is ready to start work on a three-act play by Paul Peters, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." Rehearsals will start immediately after a few minor changes have been made by the author, who will work with the cast and director.

This play, to open in September, will start a season of full-length plays in which the drama of the workers' life will be given directly by workers, solely for their benefit and under their direction. Their main purpose is to produce plays for propaganda and not for stage reputations.

They are now looking for plays and ideas for production, and will be glad to read any that are sent to their address at 16 West Twenty-first Street, New York City. They have also started a drive for funds to help place this theatre on a sound foundation.

CECIL BOULTON,

New York City. Workers' Laboratory Theatre.

Aid for Striking Miners

SIR: I have just returned from the coal fields of east Ohio. You are familiar with the conditions of virtual peonage and starvation of the Kentucky miners. In east Ohio the coal operators are trying to reduce the miners' wages to the same level as in Kentucky, in order that they may compete with Kentucky coal operators. The east Ohio miners are heroically fighting against this wage cut.

It is not only the wage cut they are striking against: the entire program of the scrip-wage system; of enforced trading at company stores where bread and milk become luxuries for miners' children; of deductions for work materials, for medical and burial expenses —in short the long list of deductions which reduces the miners' wage to a few pennies at the end of the week.

The miners are making a heroic effort at self-aid by setting up relief kitchens, which they will maintain by sending collection committees into the surrounding countryside. Many farmers and food dealers will help them. Before they can start, they need a little money for gasoline, to repair a few autos, for the meager rent of relief headquarters, for a few kitchen accessories. This little becomes an insurmountable difficulty to them.

And so they have asked us to help and we are asking you. And we hope you will find it possible to send something—whatever amount you can spare. Address The National Committee to Aid Striking Miners Fighting Starvation, 799 Broadway, New York City. Checks should be made payable to John Dos Passos, Chairman.

CHARLES R. WALKER

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Whitman's Individualism

I Sit and Look Out: Editorials from The Brooklyn Daily Times, by Walt Whitman. Selected and Edited by Emory Holloway and Vernolian Schwarz. New York: Columbia University Press. 248 pages. $3.50.

LIBERAL and individualist critics are naturally inclined to read undiluted liberalism and individualism into whatever writers they find praiseworthy; and American critics of this stamp have pretty effectually put together an acceptable portrait of Walt Whitman out of their own range of pastel shades. According to this portrait, Whitman was merely the jolly and complacent spokesman of American middle-class democracy, undiscriminating, uncritically affirmative, and committed to the dogmas of self-help and self-expression in their simplest and even crudest form. The late Stuart Sherman, who admired Carnegie and his peers so cordially ("wholeheartedly and aspiringly democratic in their ends" as they were), once declared that "If Whitman had lived at the right place in these years of the Proletarian Millennium, he would have been hanged as a reactionary member of the bourgeoisie." Only the other day Mr. H. S. Canby was saying: "Walt never wrote for classes; the idea of a world proletariat based on economic grounds would have been repugnant to him. He wrote for individuals." There is, according to these critics, no dynamite in Whitman: there is indeed nothing in him that would not be acceptable to Herbert Hoover or, at least, to Governor Ritchie.

Certainly it is true that Whitman, as a preacher of self-reliance, had gone to school to Carlyle and Emerson; certainly it is true that, as a democrat, he had gone to school to Thomas Paine and Jackson and, later, Abraham Lincoln. If he was a radical, it is easy to show that his was in its origins the old American radicalism, and that he never completely abandoned his early Jeffersonian conviction that "that government is best which governs least." The man who stumped, in his youth, for Van Buren and, in his old age, cherished the memory of his glimpses of Jackson, can hardly be made out to have been, body and soul, a twentieth-century collectivist. Yet is this equivalent to saying that there were not vital contradictions in his thought? that he gave expresssion to but one aspect of social history in the nineteenth century, and is now to be archaized by its passing? that the increasingly sharp antitheses in American society, as his life went on, made no appeal to his imagination, and had no effect on his work? Did he accept his own individualism without correction? Was he unaware that American business and American democracy were possibly at odds? Was his attitude toward social change simply that, in the good Sherman's phrase, of "a reactionary member of the bourgeoisie"? The true answers to these questions deserve a volume: I can only suggest what form they might take.

Dr. Canby has said that Whitman wrote only for individuals, never for classes; and that the idea of a world proletariat would be repugnant to him. Has Dr. Canby never looked through Traubel's three volumes, "With Walt Whitman in Camden"? If so, was he not struck by a speech of Whitman's to his young friend on June 8, 1888? "Literature," said the old man, "is big only in one way—when used as an aid in the growth of the humanities—a furthering of the cause of the masses—a means whereby men may be revealed to each other as brothers." And a few months later, when Traubel had outlined to him Tolstoy's notoriously anti-individualistic views on the arts, Whitman exclaimed: "I endorse them: O yes, with ten thousand times ten thousand amens: and if he goes on like that talking about the arts then you may say anywhere for me: Walt Whitman is with Tolstoy—count him in." These are scarcely the pronouncements of a man who can justly be said to have written only for individuals; and, as regards a world proletariat, one wonders how "repugnant" the idea would have been to the man who said, in "A Backward Glance" (1888), "Without yielding an inch the working man and working woman were to be in my pages from first to last"; and who had already envisaged the onrush of an internationalism which does not sound, in his lines, like that of the League of Nations:

> Never was average man, his soul, more energetic,
> more like a God,
> Lo, how he urges and urges, leaving the masses
> no rest! . . .
> Are all nations communing? is there going to be
> but one heart to the globe?
> Is humanity forming en-masse?

But, indeed, to rely on particular citations such as these is to do the question injustice: it need not rest upon them. Quite aside from single phrases in his prose or verse, or the oracles of his old age, it is possible to see Whitman's "individualistic" radicalism in its true light by focusing his whole career in perspective. It is true that he was a transcendental egoist who had sat at the feet of Emerson, and was in sympathy with the expansive individualism of the middle decades of the century; true that he believed that "The American compact is altogether with individuals"; true that he came too early to have any grasp of historical materialism, or to see social history in terms of a struggle between classes. But there is a radical paradox in his work, as there was in his age, and, for all his egoism, his real sympathies were intensely democratic; his individualism, unlike Emerson's, was profoundly modified by his gospel of comradeship and solidarity; unlike most of his contemporaries, he was violently critical, from the beginning, of the individualism of business enterprise; and, even before the Civil War, certainly in the years that followed, he saw with remarkable clarity that American democracy had much of tragic implication to fear from the greed of predatory individuals. He was born too soon to make, in his own imagination, the transition from Thomas Paine to Karl Marx; but, in his old age, in conversation, he spoke far more in the manner of a Marxian than of a Jacksonian; and Traubel, who was a Socialist, had little difficulty in persuading the old poet to concur with his opinions, at least in general terms.

Jacksonian as a young newspaper editor he may have been, but the democracy that comes out in his editorials in The Brooklyn Eagle (1846-47) or in these newly reprinted editorials from The Brooklyn Daily Times (1857-59) is by no means merely the democracy of Van Buren, Cass and Polk, or of Peirce and Buchanan. His remarks in The Eagle on wage cuts in the white-lead factories in Brooklyn, or on the effects of slavery in degrading white workers as well as black, or on protection ("Has any one of our laboring fellow citizens such thin perceptions—does he imagine in his most abstracted dreams—that all this hubbub made by the pale-fingered richly housed Whig manufacturers, and their organs, is for *him*, the laborer?"), or on the profit-motive ("Our American capitalists of the manufacturing order, would *poor* a great many people to be rich!")—such remarks as these may be the remarks of an individualist, but only, surely, of a critical one.

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Even in the editorials of the present volume, so many of which, as Mr. Holloway suggests, are colored by the high spirits and patriotic ardor of Whitman's late thirties, even here there are discordant notes. On the horrors of unemployment during the panic of 1857, on "the gaunt physical want" of the city poor ("Down Below"), on the "greater reforms needed here [in the North] than in the Southern States," on the real meaning of the slavery evil ("the great cause of American White Work and Working people"), Whitman is quite as eloquent as on the civic advantages of Brooklyn and the laying of the Atlantic cable.

Yet it was only after the war, when the patriotic emotions stimulated by that crisis had begun to subside, that Whitman was first seriously and painfully agitated by the gloomy contradictions of American democracy, and only in "Democratic Vistas" that he first allowed himself to formulate his anxieties explicitly. "The depravity of the business classes of our country," he there protested, "is not less than has been supposed, but infinitely greater. . . . In business (this all-devouring modern word, business) the one sole object is, by any means, pecuniary gain." He admonished his countrymen not to ignore "that problem, the labor question, beginning to open like a yawning gulf, rapidly widening every year"; and reminded them that for them, too, "as for all lands," there existed "the wily person in office, scrofulous wealth, the surfeit of prosperity, the demonism of greed . . . the fossil-like lethargy, the ceaseless need of revolutions." Later, as the depression of the seventies, stretching out blackly from year to year, exposed the inevitable underside of American prosperity, Whitman came more and more to see how profoundly the basis of democracy was shifting; and in such fragments as "The Tramp and Strike Questions" ("not the abstract question of democracy, but of social and economic organization, the treatment of working people by employers"), "Who Gets the Plunder?" and "Central Park Notes" (notes printed in "Collect" and "November Boughs") he confessed that his youthful confidence in the happy future of American democracy had had to be qualified by experience.

By the late eighties, when Traubel began his diary record, Whitman's political and social views had settled down to a consistent level of bitter and disappointed, though never hopeless, protest against the dirtiness of American politics, the corruption of both the Republican and Democratic parties ("these damned huckster parties"), the unscrupulousness of American capital, and the venality of church and press. Speaking of slavery, he once said: "I never could quite lose the sense of other evils in this evil—I saw other evils that cried to me in perhaps even a louder voice: the labor evil, now, to speak of only one, which to this day has been steadily growing worse, worse, worse." "I am not interested," he said again, "in what Carnegie is doing to establish libraries abroad but in what he is doing to keep peace with and render justice to his men here." He clung to his old views of protection: "The protection of profit—the protection of the swell proprietors—I guess I don't care a shucks for that: I guess I'd just whip it out of the temple with cords any day if I could." The old journalist of the Greeley era realized what was happening to the newspapers: "They are all getting into the hands of millionaires. God help our liberties when money has finally got our institutions in its clutch." And the old free thinker realized what was happening to religion: "You spoke," said Traubel once, "of the priests of religion and the priests of the arts. We still have the priests of commerce to contend with." "So we have," replied Whitman: "doubly so: the priests of commerce augmented by the priests of churches, who are everywhere the parasites, the apologists, of systems as they exist."

Such, in terms that he constantly recurred to, were Whitman's feelings about American capitalism in the eighties. He was a mere individualist, say the liberal critics: did he, then, go back on his old faith in the masses and betake himself to the praise of "strong men," "heroes" and "rugged individuals"? Did he, on the other hand, abandon both democracy and the hero, and relapse into senile despair? He did neither. On the contrary, he reiterated his old democratic loyalties, against the background of a transformed society, with a new emphasis and a new zeal. "America," he said, "is not for special types, for the castes, but for the great mass of people—the vast, surging, hopeful army of workers." Again, speaking of some mechanics he knew fondly: "They, their like, the crowd of the grave workingmen of our world—they are the hope, the sole hope, the sufficient hope, of our democracy." And still later:

> I liked what [Edward Carpenter] said of the mechanics at Leeds: I put my faith in them—in the crowd of every-day men—in the rise, the supremacy (not the rule) of the superb masses: the men who do things—the workers: they are our hope—they will lead us on if we are led on: not the kid-gloved nobses: . . . I don't see what they can do for us except lead wrong ways—to the devil—yes, lead us into a hole.

But what were such sentiments to lead to, in the future, in the twentieth century? To socialism? He shrank, the old Free Soiler, from committing himself quite irrevocably. "Lots of it—lots—lots," he replied, however, when Traubel asked him whether he had any sympathy with the Socialism of William Morris; and, on another day:

> Sometimes I think, I feel almost sure, Socialism is the next thing coming: I shrink from it in some ways: yet it looks like our only hope. I'm a sort of an anarchist tramp, too: and you? well, you are a lot like me . . . but things drive us on—the God damned robbers, fools, stupids, who ride their gay horses over the bodies of the crowd: they drive us on: God knows to what: sometimes I don't like to think of it: but they'll drive us into an inevitable resentment, then revolt, of some sort.

One day, when he was complaining that the many were swindled by the few, Traubel asked him: "Do you think the class that has robbed the people will hand their loot back?" "I'm afraid not," he returned: "I'm afraid the people will have to fight for what they get." "Why, Walt," cried his friend, "you're a damned good revolutionist after all!" He was amused, says Traubel. "Didn't you always know it? What could I be if I wasn't?"

Such was the man who has been called a potential bourgeois reactionary, an old-fashioned Jacksonian democrat and the poet solely of individuals. It looks as if there were more dynamite in Whitman than the liberals have found in him. It looks as if, were he living today, his loyalties might be, not with the Shermans and Canbys, but with the men and women to whom he addressed himself at the beginning:

> You workwomen and workmen of these States
> having your own divine and strong life,
> And all else giving place to men and women like you.

NEWTON ARVIN.

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Too Many Eyes

America as Americans See It, edited by Fred J. Ringel. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 365 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

IN HIS foreword to this symposium Mr. Ringel—himself a foreigner—explains that it is the outcome of many discussions of America with Europeans who knew all about our gangs, slums, stockyards, skyscrapers and jazz singers, but had never heard of Millikan, Justice Holmes or the great American plains and deserts. Europeans, he found, whether they had been visitors to this country or had only read about it, were more impressed with our standardization and superficiality than with anything else. This indictment itself is standardized and superficial, so Mr. Ringel resolved to explain to a European audience some of the less obvious and meretricious aspects of American life. The result is an entertaining and uneven collection of forty-six papers by as many American writers, who differ widely in ability and point of view. A few of them have understood the premise and have written with an intelligent foreigner in mind; some pour out a stupefying flood of bare facts, others merely rise from their place at the huge speakers' table to read a perfunctory message, while the majority contribute brief essays without aiming at any particular audience.

This miscellany results in a book that might well be confusing and misleading to a foreigner who, if he doesn't keep his head, will find many of his prejudices therein confirmed, for most of the contributors are on what might be called the Mencken side of the fence. On the whole, Mr. Ringel's menagerie is far more suitable for domestic exhibition.

R. L. Duffus writes—too briefly—about our great open spaces; Sherwood Anderson contributes a characteristic fragment of mud-colored mysticism about the small towns; Stuart Chase feels the pulse of American industry, and the result is the most suggestive and exciting article in the book; J. C. Hilder, for eight years manager of The Elks' Magazine, pours out some golden-hearted goo in defense of American fraternal organizations; Walter Prichard Eaton talks about the scenery of the United States in the style of Tarr and McMurray; Robert Emmet Sherwood is pleasantly ironic and informative on the subject of Hollywood; Clifton Fadiman treats inadequately of what the American reads, and Walter Pitkin statistically of how he lives; Holger Cahill contributes a long piece, crowded with proper names, on American art; Gilbert Seldes is highly readable and interesting on the subject of American humor; Bruce Bliven comments ably on American hero worship; Jim Tully devotes a large part of his small space to reprinting the preamble to the I. W. W. constitution; Graham McNamee ("Radio Thrills") is apparently unaware of the purpose of the book; O. O. McIntyre does not belong in it at all; John Held's bitter humor at the expense of American college life would baffle a serious European student completely; and a dozen or more others speak their minds, with varying degrees of criticism, sarcasm, exposition or mere information, on American art, advertising, exiles, chain stores, leisure, radicals, newspapers and "society."

On the whole, the numerous illustrations are more telling than the printed matter, and would arouse, in the foreigner, a curiosity which the writers do not always satisfy. There are many admirable reproductions of American primitives; stirring photographs by such experts as Paul Strand, Margaret Bourke-White, William Rittase and Edward Steichen; examples of the painting of Georgia O'Keefe, John Marin, Thomas Hart Benton, Rockwell Kent.

"America as Americans See It" is better as a suggestion for future books than as a finished product. A wonderful volume is waiting to be done which would describe America, to ourselves as well as to strangers, entirely by means of pictures—photographs of American machines, factories and landscapes, portraits of American faces of low and high degree, intelligent selections from news photographs and the contents of the Sunday rotogravures. A five or ten-dollar book, with brief captions in three languages—but critics ought not to be constructive beyond a certain point.

The book about America for foreigners is yet to be written. Americans themselves (as Mr. Ringel's symposium shows) are too close to the ground, too preoccupied with their own small provinces, enthusiasms and irritations—mainly the latter. We are good tree specialists, but when we write about the forest we become confused, and a little grouchy. The job requires the ABC clarity and ability to make vast complications excitingly lucid, of such as Ilin, the author of the Russian Five Year Primer.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Front Page

Lusty Scripps: The Life of E. W. Scripps (1854-1926), by Gilson Gardner. New York: The Vanguard Press. 274 pages. $3.50.

IN THE DAYS when Scripps was launching his aggressive little pro-labor newspapers on a shoestring, and discontinuing them at the drop of a hat, his frantic employees used to plead: "My God, what can you do with a boss like that?" Gilson Gardner's good biography has something of this same tone. The book gains its stature precisely from the fact that, when all is told that can be told of this extraordinary man, the mystery of him still remains intact. Scripps's career went along a cryptic road-map of his own design. The course he followed still doesn't quite make sense. It does make a grand story—a zestful picaresque of the newspaper game—and it is to Gardner's everlasting credit that he does not try to give us E. W. Scripps "formulated, wriggling on a pin." The butt-ends of Scripps's days and ways are told as butt-ends, giving a curiously satirical twist to the pattern.

All the Oliver Optic materials were there, had Gardner wanted to use them as such. How Scripps was a poor lad on an Illinois farm; how he began as an office boy at three dollars a week on The Detroit Journal under the unsympathetic eye of his half-brother, James; how he made his first thousand, struck out on his own, formed his journalistic notions, his social ideas and his plan of making others sweat while he stayed aloof and thought; how he passed through various shallows and miseries and came out owner of the thirty-odd newspapers and four national services that are now the most dynamic and liberal force in American daily journalism—even how he died aboard his ocean-going steam yacht at the age of seventy-two—all this could be Oliver Optic undiluted. But Gardner tells what really happened, and the events parodize the success formula at every step. "E. W." was known as the laziest boy in that farm county. Brother James, not he, conceived the "small, big-typed, boiled-down, simply worded, cheap paper." Lacking the Optic morality, Scripps called his indiscretions not wild oats, but "wild flowers," and regretted them not at all. During the birth throes

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of The Cleveland Press, he was to be found out on the lake in a rowboat, loafing. While his perception in picking men to do his work was generally uncanny, Scripps made plenty of mistakes, and it is recorded that "Bob" Paine himself "came into The Cleveland Press against E. W.'s protest." Even his social philosophy Gardner suspects to have been no more intricate perhaps than "an effort to rationalize a sentiment previously voiced as: 'God damn the rich, God help the poor.'" Scripps faced a mob or two, was "framed on" by a former mistress, drank whiskey up to a gallon a day, and was neither daunted by being down nor inflated by being up, simply because he had as little of the conventional sense of up or down as any man that ever lived.

"E. W.'s" sister, Ellen Scripps, is beautifully characterized. She was his nurse and teacher in childhood, read proofs on his first papers, and throughout his life was his balance and mentor, his backer in business, his umpire in family quarrels, more than once his financial salvation. Gardner, who has met most of the great American women, obviously ranks Ellen Scripps among the greatest. By extension of her own love of nursing, teaching and raising others' babies, she founded the Scripps College for Women, endowed other schools and hospitals, and with "E. W." established the Scripps Institute for Biological Research. Ellen Scripps is living today, at or near the century mark: "one of those wispy wiry persons who, like candles, require little fuel and burn a long time."

Gardner has given us both an extremely human life-record and a chapter in the history of American journalism which illustrates the vitality, not of a formula, but of a man and an idea. ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS.

South America Since 1929

The Coming of South America, by Henry Kittredge Norton. New York: The John Day Company. 300 pages. $3.50.

SOUTH AMERICA, like the rest of the world, slipped down the shining sides of the maelstrom in 1931 and, as capital after capital whirled into revolution, Mr. Norton was able to observe it all at close range as a traveling representative of the Carnegie Endowment. The best part of his book has little relation to the title. It is a readable, journalistically conceived and written account of political overturns, economic trends and social changes in the leading countries since 1929: that is, in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru and Bolivia. He shows us, not the emergence of South America, but rather its temporary submergence under the stress of low prices for nitrates, coffee, wheat and copper, debt burdens, vanishing credit and class friction. Mr. Norton is sympathetic in tone and he is hopeful. He likes the South Americans, though he has some sharp words for the American intellectuals who praise them at our own expense; and he believes that the present ferment is conferring some distinct benefits. Various nations are learning the danger of sitting on one-legged or two-legged economic stools. Bolivia is, in essentials, unchanged politically; but Peru is swinging from the extreme Right to the extreme Left and broadening the basis of her government; Argentina, recovering from a conservative reaction, is demonstrating a notable stability; and Brazil has taken a long step from oligarchy toward democracy.

The book, while instructive, suffers from two principal weaknesses. It is rather a traveler's report than a student's interpretation. For one thing, it covers so much territory and so many political and economic events in three hundred pages that it cannot penetrate far below the surface; for another, one suspects Mr. Norton of inability to rid himself of a North American psychology. He writes with Anglo-Saxon conservatism about the bond issues, which he thinks the bankers mishandled, but rather naturally, and which he predicts will not seem large a few years hence; about the shortcomings of South American universities, museums and the like; about the naïveté of a good deal of the political ideology peculiar to the south—such as that of the APRA in Peru; and about the callow ignorance responsible for South American prejudices against us. In other words, Mr. Norton has limited views. The other weakness lies in the fact that the book deals with a situation still in flux, so that the results—perhaps even the tendency—of the changes can hardly be judged. But on the one important fact which gives the book its title, Mr. Norton places a healthy emphasis: the fact that "Latin-America," a misleading name, is dead, and that Brazil and Chile, Argentina and Peru, must now be recognized as mature nations, as separate and different almost as Italy, France and Spain.

ALLAN NEVINS.

This Side of Paradise

State Fair, by Phil Stong. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

THERE HAS been a great imaginative migration in American literature: our cities are peopled with heroes who left home in the final chapter. The central character of "Winesburg, Ohio," turning his back on the small town, can serve as the most common symbol for a whole literary generation, for it is no mere change of residence that is suggested by his action, but the end of one way of living and the beginning of another. In this respect, if in no other, "Winesburg, Ohio" is akin to "Moon Calf" and "The Apple of the Eye" and a hundred other earlier and later works. These writers, along with Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken and Edgar Lee Masters, displayed a remarkably united front in building up an imaginative portrait of provincial life, particularly that of the Middle West. They were successful in making the locale and its culture synonymous with drabness, bigotry and a host of unattractive qualities, but it was a limited picture—Gopher Prairie, for example, is the villain of "Main Street," rather than the civilization that produced Gopher Prairie.

Now, in "State Fair," the emphasis is neatly reversed. The Middle West is no longer the villain, but the hero. There are no frustrated farmers' wives, no baffled philosophers, no unhappy young people longing to get to Chicago or New York or Paris. The state fair is only a brief idyll in the idyllic lives of the Frakes, and the Frakes are prosperous people, intelligent, tolerant and not too whimsical. The great problem in the farmer's life is whether his prize boar will win the sweepstakes, and the great problem in Mrs. Frake's is whether her pickles will win the home-economics exhibit. Between rides on the roller coaster, the children, Margy and Wayne, search for experience, and find it in almost the happiest possible manner. Margy is picked up by a gentle newspaper man who seduces her with tact and consideration, while Wayne is even more happily cared for by the ravishing daughter of a gambler. The prize boar wins the sweepstakes, the pickles take all the prizes, the lovers part without undue suffering, and the fair is over.

All this is engagingly written; the novel has humor and it has a certain literary finish. For these reasons its falsifi-

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cations are less understandable; we normally expect writers who are willing to take the trouble to write well to write with some respect for experience and observation. The aplomb with which Margy and Wayne, aged nineteen and eighteen, enter their first love affairs would certainly dazzle the tormented young people of Winesburg, and should surprise the less hesitant heroes and heroines of the novels of Fitzgerald. Is it possible that the characters who left home in the final chapter are now looking back and deciding that its life was not so bad as they had supposed? Or is it merely that it is pleasant, in this period of general insecurity, to read of people whose lives are simple and secure? At any rate, Mr. Stong's dreamy Iowa would seem an even more appealing land if we did not have so much evidence indicating quite clearly that it does not exist.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Book Notes

TRAVEL

CHINA, by Marc Chadourne. *Translated by Harry Block. New York: Covici-Friede. 308 pages, illustrated. $3.*

One may say—of course with reservation—that Americans writing about China try so hard to be unprejudiced that their vision becomes thickly filmed with sympathy; Germans get lost in religion, art and mysticism; Englishmen are content to do mere reporting even when they are scientists; and Frenchmen succumb to the temptation of writing nonchalant summaries in epigrams. In this respect, M. Chadourne is typical of his nation. Being an adroit and witty writer, his epigrams are charming, but they are quickly and deservedly forgotten. China requires more for its interpretation than this lively tourist and facile writer has to offer. Covarrubias' illustrations are good; they render the spirit of the new China much more effectively than the text.

BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS, by Franklyn Bliss Snyder. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 524 pages. $4.*

This heavily documented life of Burns is the last step toward a complete revaluation of the Scotch national hero. Mrs. Carswell's recent biography and the DeLancey Ferguson edition of Burns's letters have already accomplished much; it has remained for Mr. Snyder to supply the finishing touches and to "expose" Burns as a sober, industrious farmer-poet-exciseman. The "Highland Mary" legend is run to the ground, proving again how little is actually known of Burns's love affairs and how much his earlier biographers have relied upon his general reputation as a violent lover and a hard-drinking poet. Mr. Snyder reminds his readers that Burns was a sick man, that he suffered from a form of heart disease—rheumatic endocarditis—which influenced his behavior and made his early death inevitable. Despite its wide range of information concerning Burns and the society that produced him, the book remains remarkably unexciting; the narrative is swamped by masses of factual detail. Those who have a special purpose in reopening a study of Burns will find it invaluable as a conscientious text.

NAPOLEON, by F. M. Kircheisen. *Translated by Henry St. Lawrence. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 773 pages. $5.*

The author of this biography has devoted his entire life to the study of Napoleon's career. Besides a voluminous bibliography, he has published in German a "History of Napoleon and His Times" in nine volumes. The present book is the distilled essence of the larger work. It is undoubtedly superior to many of the popular books on Napoleon; it corrects many current errors, it points out the capital blunders in Napoleon's career (the campaigns in Egypt, Haiti, Spain, Russia) as well as many errors in the conduct of policy and war; above all, it makes clear the fatal relation of the never-ending war with England to the Spanish and Russian campaigns. But notwithstanding its generally correct representation of the out[illegible] concatenation of events which both made and unmade him. Toward the end of the book we are, indeed, told that the well-to-do middle classes, including his own Marshals whom he had enriched, had turned away from the Corsican upstart after the disastrous campaigns of 1812 and 1813. But the central problem in Napoleon's career: namely, his relation to the social classes—bourgeoisie and peasantry—that emerged the victors from the great Revolution, is quite neglected. The translation is uncommonly good; the book reads as though it had been written in English.

FICTION

DAVID'S DAY, by Denis Mackail. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.*

Denis Mackail concocts a human comedy out of the birth of a baby, his method being to give an adroit twist of the tail to one or another of the successive events, until this birth concerns half London. The baby delays the charwoman, who delays Mr. Coffin, who pushes Gladys the stenographer into the ready arms of Jack Harrison, an episode which attracts the attention of the police, who forthwith arrest him for the Paddington murder. Then Mr. Fink's browbeating of this same Gladys awakens Lord Midhurst, just in the nick of time, to the cadlike quality of Mr. Fink. And so it goes, the fateful influence being carried on by a few words, the look of a face, slip of a foot, touch of an arm, until back it all comes to a bunch of daffodils which Mr. Coffin takes home to his wife, the clasp that fastens together the two ends of the long chain. This is not a new trick, and was undertaken in all delicacy in "Mrs. Dalloway." The present author philosophizes ever so gently, mostly with questions—"Shall we say? . . . Who knows? . . . Perhaps?"—probably intended to trance the reader into a sense of sharing Mr. Mackail's rather quaint wisdom and quiet humor.

Contributors

WALDO FRANK, whose novels and books of philosophy and travel have been widely read and translated, will publish a new volume this summer, "Dawn in Russia," under the imprint of Scribner's. Excerpts from this book will appear in The New Republic in a series of three articles, of which the present one is the first.

STUART CHASE's latest book, which Macmillan will bring out in August, is entitled "A New Deal." The present series includes selections from this volume.

MURRAY E. KING has for years been connected with the Farmer-Labor movement in Minnesota both as editor and organizer. He is at present editor of The Organized Farmer, a Farmer-Labor publication.

THOMAS ADAMS as General Director of Plans and Surveys for the Committee on the Regional Plan was mainly responsible for the editing and preparation of the twelve volumes of the New York Regional Plan which Lewis Mumford reviewed extensively in The New Republic in the issues of June 15 and 22. During the summer he will publish "Recent Advances in Town Planning," under the imprint of Macmillan.

L. A. G. STRONG is an English poet and novelist, his more widely known books being "The Garden" and "Brothers," which was recently published.

NEWTON ARVIN, a frequent contributor of literary criticism to various magazines, is an assistant professor of English at Smith College.

ROBERT LITTELL, at one time literary editor of The New Republic and subsequently dramatic critic of The New York World until that paper expired, is at present free-lancing in New York City.

ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS, for many years a newspaper man in San Francisco, is the author of "Our Lawless Police," which the Viking Press brought out last fall. He is at present preparing a book on the Mooney-Billings case which has been announced for early publication.

ALLAN NEVINS, editorial writer and author, has published a number of volumes of history and biography among

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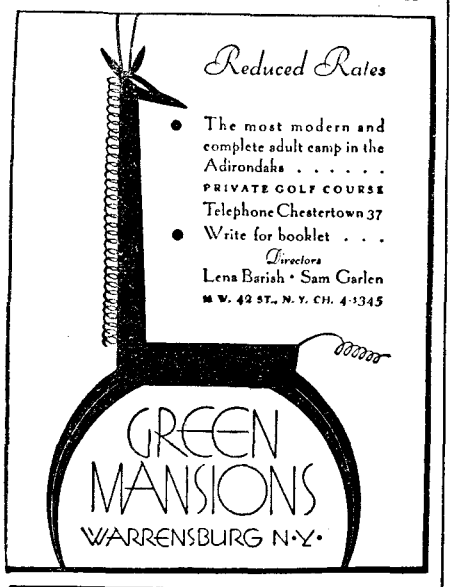
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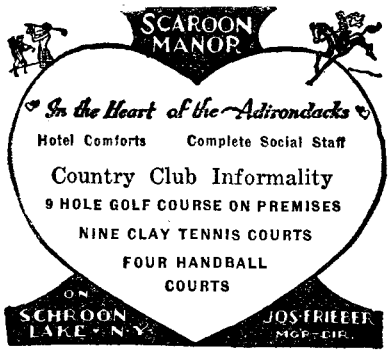

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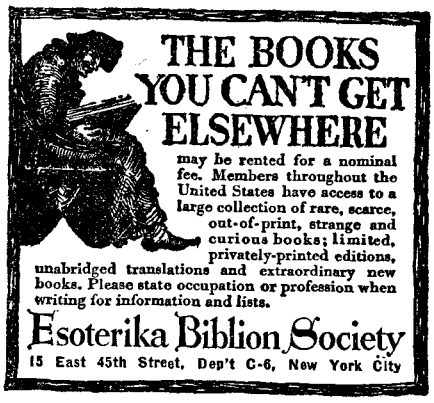
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